THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

VOL. XXIII. COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., THURSDAY, MAY [illegible], 1894. NUMBER 2[illegible].

STOLE A TRAIN.

General Sanders Helps Himself to Missouri Pacific Property.

DEPUTIES ARE IN PURSUIT.

An Engine Wrecked to Prevent Their Passage—The Coxeyites Tore Up the Track to Prevent Pursuit—A Serious Conflict Expected.

Pueblo, May 8.—General J. S. Sanders and his army of Commonwealers are no longer residents at the vacant lot in Pueblo. To-night at 6:30 o'clock they seized a switch engine standing on the Denver and Rio Grande track, moved it up to the Missouri Pacific switch and backed down on 10 empty cars standing on the Missouri Pacific side-track, belonging to that company, and started East. A warrant was sworn out for the leaders to-night, and a posse of 50 men organized by Deputy Sheriff Moses started for Olney, where the legion was delayed by an action of the Missouri Pacific in dumping an engine and freight car off the track, to place them under arrest. It is believed that the Commonwealers stopped their train between here and Boone, and tore up the track to prevent pursuit. A hand car has been sent ahead of the posse to prevent accident.

Attorney Waldron for the road will to-morrow make application for an injunction in the United States courts at Denver and thus place the road within the jurisdiction of the United States.

Fears are being entertained that when the posse reaches Olney there will be bloodshed, as Sanders has in his army some of the most determined men in the state, and during his residence here boasted of that fact.

The Santa Fe train leaving here at 10 o'clock to-night is preceded by a hand car as a matter of precaution, and instructions have been sent for 20 miles along the line for the section men to go on picket duty.

COXEY'S TRIAL.

A Verdict of Guilty in the Washington Police Court.

Washington, May 8.—The leader of the great and original Commonweal movement, Jacob Sechler Coxey, was this afternoon found guilty by a police court jury of carrying a banner and of unlawfully tramping on the grass of his country's Capitol grounds. His co-workers were also adjudged guilty on one or two counts.

The cases of the celebrated Commonwealers did not come up until 10:15 o'clock this morning, when Representative Lafe Pence, with his youthful face and clear, penetrating voice, addressed the jury, the third and last speaker for the defense.

Among those present were several Representatives in Congress and members of the bar. Miss Coxey and her friend and Mrs. Coxey were seated at the reporters' table, Miss Coxey taking a shorthand report of Representative Pence's address.

Mr. Pence said that no one who had listened to the evidence given in the case could expect a conviction, and no one, in his opinion, wanted a conviction, except the police officers, who had been very active in the matter. It was lawful for the Commonwealers to assemble in the Capitol grounds, but the judge had construed the law differently. "To-morrow," continued Mr. Pence, "Mr. Coxey will be a free man by your verdict, and he will appear before the labor committee of Congress to devise means for the recognition of the people's interest. No lobbyist will ever receive more attention by Congress than will Mr. Coxey's measures by that committee."

District Attorney Birney then made the closing address for the prosecution, and after a long charge by the judge the jury retired at 12:55.

At 3:20 o'clock the jury sent a request to the court to be allowed to have the written instructions of the court sent in to them in the jury room, but to this Assistant District Attorney Mullowney objected. The jurors then filed out of their room.

Judge Miller read the instructions to them again. It took them only 10 minutes afterwards to agree, and at 3:40 o'clock they announced the verdict.

The foreman had some difficulty in explaining it, and the lawyers for the defense objected to the finding on the ground that the clerk of the court had misunderstood the verdict and had wrongly recorded it. The objection was overruled. The finding of the jury was that Coxey, Browne and Jones are guilty on the first count, which charges them with carrying banners designed to bring the Coxey men into prominence in the Capitol grounds. On the second count, of unlawfully trampling on the grass of the Capitol grounds, Coxey and Browne are found guilty, while the charge against Jones was dismissed.

Mr. Lipscomb gave notice of a motion for a new trial, and asked for an arrest of judgment. The motion will be returnable in four days. There was no demonstration when the finding was announced, as the judge had cautioned the bailiffs to arrest any man who acted indecorously. At the instance of the district attorney the bail of the defendants was renewed in the sum of $500 each, after which the court adjourned.

The penalty imposed by the statute for offenses of this kind, is "fine and imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the judge of the police court—the fine not to exceed $100, the imprisonment not to exceed 60 days."

Coxey will Go Away.

Washington, May 8.—Representative Hudson of Kansas, who was Coxey's counsel before the police court, authorizes the statement that Coxey proposes leaving Washington with his followers as soon as he secures a hearing from one of the two houses of Congress. Mr. Hudson says that Coxey has no affiliation with the other Commonweal forces that are now journeying to Washington. He has no correspondence with them, and does not know them or their purposes. He will not attempt again to speak from the steps of the Capitol nor will he attempt in any way to contravene the laws. A hearing will be given Coxey by the House Committee on Labor. Coxey desires to present his bill to the committee in person and speak upon it.

American Vessels Captured.

Sandusky, Ohio, May 8.—News was received here to-night from Kelly's Island, in Put-In-Bay, that an outrage had been committed on the American steamers Visitor and Leroy Brooks by the Canadian patrol vessel Petrel. While cruising north of Kelly's Island and south of Point Au Pelee, the latter being Canadian land, the Petrel suddenly came down on the Visitor and Leroy Brooks, capturing the vessels, their crews and many passengers who were being towed in small boats. The party was fishing for black bass. This is the first time hook and line fishermen have been molested.

CRIPPLE CREEK.

Latest News from El Paso's Great Gold Camp.

Special to The Gazette.

Cripple Creek, May 7.—Mr. H. M. Henri has been tendered and has accepted the position of superintendent of the Silverton smelter and left to-day for his new home. Mr. Henri is an exceptionably capable man and for a long time has held the position of chief converter and chemist at the steel works at Pueblo.

The Moose has just made another shipment to the smelter. Three lots have recently been sent to the Holden mill at Lawrence, from which very satisfactory returns have been had.

The lessees on the Humboldt in Squaw gulch state that they have something very substantial in the vein recently opened on the property.

By the breaking of a clutch at the cyanide mill operations have been suspended for a few days. All reports agree that this mill is doing very satisfactory work and that the cyanide is destined to be an important factor in the reduction problem in this district.

Jess, a woman of the town, had a fight with her lover early Sunday morning, which she seriously regretted later in the day, but her "Baby" was not to be found though she searched high and low for the darling. When 4 o'clock came she could stand it no longer. She procured a vial of chloroform and closing her door and window she saturated her handkerchief and swallowed the remainder. One of Jess's friends learned what she had done and a doctor was summoned and after some hard work succeeded in saving her life.

Cripple Creek, May 8.—The bonanza of the camp now is the Rice and McCrockey lease on Pike's Peak ground. Forty-five men are working the rock fly on the various stopes of the property. The lessees have only a few more days in which to operate the mine, as at midnight of May 31 the Pike's Peak and the Opha May Nos. 1 and 2, must be surrendered to the Union Gold Mining company. The first mentioned is sending out a car of ore about every five days, the value of which is never less than $3,000, and has reached as high as six times that sum. More rightly $10,000 would be a fair average of carload lots.

The Masters and Perrault are working the hole where almost a year ago the first rich ore was found on Pike's Peak ground. No. 2 lease on the property has eclipsed them of late in the quantity of ore shipped to market, but the stuff now being stoped will hold the younger lease level so far as value is concerned. Careful assays made on what ore is now on hand yield returns of 80 to 100 ounces to the ton. Thirty-five men are now employed on this lease.

The lessees on the Orpha May claim are equally as busy as their neighbors, although they are not attended with as great success. They are picking considerable mill dirt as well as a fair quality of smelting ore.

It was rumored to-day that in the Wolfe lease a rich pocket had been encountered and there is likely some truth in it, as when a Gazette correspondent called at the shaft house every man was under guard and from the sound of the hammer they were working as hard as it was possible to do.

The Raven Hill mine, on the hill named in its honor, has since the strike come on continued to be systematically developed. Work has progressed under contract continuously. Of course very little has been broken, but another car of six-ounce stuff was sent to the smelter last week. The lessees to-day let a contract to drive the new tunnel, now in 400 feet, an additional 200 feet. This will take it to the point where the rich ore chute of the mine was found and has stoping room for a distance of 200 feet. When the strike is over and Raven resumes operations it will likely employ full three times as many men as it did last December.

Thomas Begley and others, who have a lease on the Lee, are confident that they will strike something good shortly. Their shaft, which has obtained a depth of 60 feet, and from which a drift running west is in 10 feet, shows some stuff of fair value.

The Morrell Hardware company to-day started work on the old Mary Maroney lead on the Garfield ground. As soon as the new people get the drift out and the ore chute thoroughly sampled, they propose to work it for all there is in it.

On the Cooper Bros.' lease in the Garfield ground only 10 men are now employed, but they are working carefully and getting out good ore and considerable of it.

Si Hall, who has the lease on the Specimen, on Bull Hill, is tearing up the ground all over that place, but says that so far he has met with little or no success. He knows that he has valuable ground, however, and is not likely to let go until he has forced it to yield a part of its treasure.

A shaft is going down on the Mulatto, on the opposite side and up the gulch above 1,000 feet from the C. O. D. The stuff taken from the hole carries a little value, but is still far from being pay.

The Climax is looking better than ever. Drifting from the shaft will shortly begin. There is sufficient ore now on the dump to make a good-sized shipment.

Parrot Bros., Cameron & McNeill, who now have a lease on the Kalamazoo, are in high feather over the showing that the property is making. The claim is located about 800 feet north of the Taylor boarding house on Bull hill. At a depth of 40 feet they have from 18 to 24 inches of ore in the shaft, from which assays ranging from $17.50 to up in the pictures have been made. Within a fortnight the boys will be shipping ore to the smelters.

Bill Rabideau, the man who acted as a body-guard to Manager Locke, and who was later on run out of camp by some miners, is back again, but where he is keeping himself or what he intends to do is not known. It is said that he was seen over on Raven hill this afternoon with another man and that both of them were carrying rifles, as well as being armed with a brace of two revolvers each.

There was an explosion somewhere east of town to-night at 8:30 o'clock, the effect of which shook the buildings up in Poverty Gulch quite perceptibly, but exactly where it was or what damage was done could not be learned.

A Marshal Nominated.

Washington, May 7.—The President has sent the following nomination to the Senate: Joseph A. Israel, marshal of the United States for the district of Colorado.

NO ONE IS PLEASED.

Host of Enemies for the Cleveland Bill and No Friends.

DEMOCRATS ARE DISGUSTED.

A Ridiculous Mixture of Ruinous Free Trade and High Protection—Senator Hoar Tells Some Unwelcome Truths to Democrats.

Washington, May 8.—The changes made by the Senate committee in the tariff bill are not acceptable to the Democrats of the House. The Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee who framed the Wilson tariff bill and who are leading representatives, do not conceal their disappointment that the House measure should have been so materially modified. A general canvass of the House to-day disclosed no intention on the part of the Democrats to resist the Senate changes in arbitrary spirit, but it developed the fact that the House Democrats generally were entirely satisfied with the bill as it went to the Senate, and no attempt was made to conceal their regret that it should not have been returned to them in practically the same form.

Mr. McMillin of Tennessee said to-day in speaking of the amendments made by the Senate committee, that some of the increases are not demanded, either by the manufacturers or by the country. "To give free wool and a reduction of the chemicals and dyes used in the manufacture," said he, "with a high rate on woolen goods, is a policy not in accord with the demands of tariff reform or the best interests of the country. I realize that the Senate committee has labored under many difficulties, and that they have yielded some points which they would gladly have refused. But many of the increases are excessive, and I hope that the Senate itself will reject them, and not call upon the House to concur with them. The Democrats have only one majority in the Senate, and they must move cautiously. They have not dared to reduce the rate in the tax imposed on incomes, and that never will be reduced, either by the Senate or the House."

Mr. Whiting of Michigan, another member of the Ways and Means committee, said that he did not see how the House could accept an increase in the cotton schedule. "Cotton goods," he said, "are consumed by the poorer people who are unable to buy woolen goods. To put cotton goods in the hands of the trust is an outrage. I think the House will oppose the increased duty on tobacco."

Mr. Springer of Illinois, who was the chairman of the Ways and Means committee in the last Congress, expressed his regret at the changes which had been made, but added philosophically that all tariff measures must be a work of concession and compromise.

These interviews might be extended indefinitely, but the gentlemen quoted above apparently reflect the sentiment of all their Democratic associates, many others of whom were seen and whose objections to the changes were based upon substantially the same lines.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

Abominable to Democrats but the Best They Can Do.

Chicago, May 8.—An evening paper has the following Washington dispatch:

Senator Voorhees, chairman of the Finance committee, predicts that the new tariff bill, which was given to the public this morning, will pass the Senate, practically without a change, in four weeks at the outside. The Indiana Senator is very much displeased with the bill.

"Although the Democrats have a majority in the Senate," said he, "that majority was literally taken by the throat by political footpads in our own party and compelled to make concessions that bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of every self-respecting Democrat and tariff reformer."

Senator Voorhees told a Democratic member of Congress this morning that he intended taking the opportunity that would be offered him before the final vote was taken on the bill to "lift the hair," as he expressed it, off some of the Democratic Senators who have been blocking the passage of the bill.

Senator Voorhees's dissatisfaction with the new tariff bill is shared by a large majority of the Democrats in both houses. The free traders are outspoken in denouncing the concessions to the sugar, coal, iron and lead interests.

Senator Mills declares that it is "an abominable bill." Notwithstanding so much Democratic criticism, there seems to be no doubt that the bill as it stands will pass the Senate, and be accepted by the House as the best and only solution of the vexatious tariff reform.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Senate.

Washington, May 8.—The debate on the tariff bill was taken up in the Senate early and continued throughout the day. Senator Allen's resolution as to the police assault upon Coxey and his two adjutants having gone over without discussion or action until to-morrow, Senator Hoar (Rep.) of Massachusetts spoke for two and a half hours in opposition to the tariff bill, and Mr. Quay (Rep.) of Pennsylvania delivered the sixth installment of his speech against it.

Mr. Hoar's speech was made up largely of invective against the chairman of the Senate Finance committee and against the "Three doctors," who had prepared the bill—Senators Mills (Texas), Vest (Missouri) and Jones (Arkansas. He told an anecdote of Sir Walter Scott, who once traveling near the famous battlefield of Flodden required the services of a physician and recognized in him a Scotch blacksmith of his acquaintance. This old horse doctor told him that he treated his patients with two specifics, laudanum and calomel, and that, although "whiles they died and whiles not, it would be a lang time before they made up for Flodden." Making an application of the anecdote, Mr. Hoar said that the three doctors of the Finance committee had also two specifics—free trade and ad valorem—and that although "whiles" American industries would die under the regime and "whiles" not, it would be a long time before they would make up for Appomattox. Mr. Hoar also held up to ridicule the position of the Senator from Tennessee (Mr. Harris, who had just got a protection for Tennessee marble, a duty of 40 cents per cubic foot in the rough, and 75 cents per cubic foot when sawed and dressed, and yet favored "a tariff for revenue only." He declared that from all parts of the country, and from all occupations came up one unbroken chorus of loathing and abhorrence for the Wilson bill, for the man who begot it, and for the men who were its god-fathers. In the course of his speech he got into an altercation with Senator Gray (Dem.) of Delaware over a charge that Democratic Senators who would vote for the pending bill would (in view of this construction of the Constitution) violate their oath.

During the delivery of Mr. Hoar's speech when he had expressed his conviction that the Finance committee did not approve the bill, and that most of the men who were to vote for it would, when they did so violate their oaths to support the Constitution, as they understood it, he was asked by Mr. Gray (Dem. of Delaware whether he meant to say that the persons who would vote for the bill would violate their oaths.

"I do," was Mr. Hoar's blunt answer.

Mr. Gray (with a tinge of anger in his manner)—That is a very remarkable charge for the Senator to make of his colleagues in the Senate.

"It is a very remarkable thing to do," Mr. Hoar said.

"I repel the charge as unworthy the Senator from Massachusetts, and as unworthy of a Senator in this place," Mr. Gray exclaimed with increasing anger.

"The Democratic party," said Mr. Hoar argumentatively, "acquired the confidence of the country in 1892 by a platform which declared that protection was a robbery and a fraud, and was a violation of the Constitution, and they have got a bill now crowded with protection. They have put in it new protecting duties. They have put a duty on sugar, which they are going to increase for protection and for nothing else. Now, when that is done, does the Senator from Delaware think that I am going to be deterred by a little bluster from him. There is no logical escape for a man who says that a duty for protection is robbery and is a violation of the Constitution, and who then comes in and takes an oath that the Constitution as so understood by him he will support. He violates that pledge and that oath when he puts into legislation a new duty or increase of an old duty—both of which this bill does in abundance—for the mere purpose of protection; and when it is well known that they could not pass the bill except with the aid of persons who want those duties for protection."

Mr. Gray—Does the Senator think that what he has said is entitled to any better designation than 'bluster,' when he charge his colleagues and peers in the Senate with violating their oaths?

"The Senator," said Mr. Hoar, "is violating the rules of the Senate."

"I leave it to that greater tribunal, the public," Mr. Gray replied, "as to who has violated the proprieties and the duties which a Senator owes to his constituents."

After some further interchange of remarks in the same spirit, Mr. Gray made the point of order on Mr. Hoar that he had charged his colleagues with violating their oaths by thir action in the Senate.

The point of order was overruled by the presiding officer (Mr. Gallinger (Rep.) of New Hampshire, and Mr. Hoar went on with his speech.

After considering executive business, the Senate at 6:10 adjourned until to-morrow.

House.

The bill to purchase a site for the government printing office was recommended to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds to-day, with instructions to report a bill providing for the erection of a printing office on ground already in the possession of the United States. This was agreed to by a vote of 149 to 39, after a long discussion of the policy which it foreshadowed of erecting public buildings upon the public reservations of the city.

The naval appropriation bill for the year ending June 30, 1895, was taken up in committee of the whole, and made the unfinished business of the calendar, after a brief explanation of its provisions by Mr. Cummings (Dem.) of New York, chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs.

HOTEL MEN.

The Convention Meets in Denver—A Magnificent Programme.

Denver, May 8.—Special trains from both the East and the West arrived in the city last evening and this morning bringing large parties from the leading cities of the country to enjoy an outing in the state. The primary object was the annual meeting of the Hotel Mutual Benefit Association and the United States Hotel Association, but as the former association is incorporated under the state laws of Illinois, the business must be transacted within that state, and the meeting adjourned to assemble at Chicago next Wednesday.

E. A. Thayer of Salida, Colo., was recommenced as the unanimous choice for president, and New York City was selected as the place for the next annual meeting, upon invitation of President Merrifield of the New York City association. The Colorado Hotelkeepers' Association has arranged a magnificent programme for the entertainment of the hotel keepers, beginning at a banquet tonight, with a theater party for the lady guests and a tour of seven days through the state as far as Glenwood Springs, including stops at the principal cities and points of general scenic interest.

Another Lowest Record.

Chicago, May 8.—The steady depreciation in the prices of wheat resulted in the cereal touching the lowest point in the history of the trade to-day—56 5-8 for May and 58 1-8 for July. There was no excitement accompanying the decline, and at the bottom the market showed recuperative powers, rallying and closing 3-8 of a cent above the low point. The causes leading up to the weakness and depression have been long drawn out. Foreign markets have been liberally supplied by other countries, and have all shown lower values, the crop prospects have been unsurpassed, and notwithstanding derogatory reports, are expected to yield bountifully. The sentiment seems to be in favor of a low standard.

Freight Rates Restored.

Chicago, May 8.—Freight rates from the Mississippi river to the Missouri, and from Chicago to the latter river, were reduced half their previous size to-day. All class and many commodity rates were cut an average of more than 50 per cent. The Alton proposes to make corresponding reductions in east-bound freight on many of the rates made. No attention was paid to the tariff in making the reductions today. The Santa Fe, being in the hands of receivers, was compelled to issue a tariff making the same reductions effective May 12.

Cutting Colorado Freight Rates.

Chicago, May 7.—All lines entering Colorado joined to-day in cutting freight rates to that state in a wholesale manner. The average reduction on the large majority of commodities was 66 2-3 cent. The new rates go into effect May 10. There is now a good chance for a restoration of rates, as the situation could not be much worse. It was also learned that east-bound rates were being manipulated, but there were no open reductions.

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SEEKING FOR OIL.

An Important Enterprise Under Way at Colorado City.

SOME GOOD INDICATIONS.

The Iris Well No. 1 is Now Down Nearly a Thousand Feet—What Has Been Done in Two Months—A Good Showing.

Over at Colorado City a few enterprising men are engaged in settling a question of greatest importance to every resident of El Paso county, and especially of Colorado Springs. Is there oil and natural gas, or either one of them, at Colorado City? If there is, it means the building up of that place as never before in its history. If there is oil which can be used as a cheap fuel, it means great smelters for the treatment of Cripple Creek ores; it means the certain construction of the Bear Creek railroad within a short time; it means the utilization of the immense beds of phonolite and other similar minerals in the Pike's Peak region for glass making, and the establishment here of great factories for glass production; it means cheap fuel for all manufactories that may be established; it means prosperity, rapid and great, not for Colorado City alone, but for all the region round about.

All this is founded on an "if," and a large one, and it is this "if" which has set the Colorado City men, and the friends whom they have found to assist them in the work, peering deep down into the crust of the earth, through nearly a thousand feet of rock, so far without any definite results, but with some very encouraging indications.

A Fascinating Occupation.

It is a fascinating occupation, this boring for oil. The reporter watched it for a couple of hours yesterday, and time slipped by unnoticed. But it is fascinating most of all to the men engaged in the work, and those who are interested in the financial success or failure of the work. The great drill is of solid steel, 10 feet in length, made in three sections, and is fastened at the end of a rope nearly a half mile in length. The upper end of the rope is attached to a walking beam, and at each revolution of the driving wheel the great mass of steel, weighing 3,500 pounds, is lifted some three feet, and then dropped, cutting and crushing its way downwards by the force of its own weight. There is always a possibility that in a moment oil may be found. It may be only in slight quantities, it may be at the rate of several hundred barrels a day, and it may even be a great "gusher," driving the tools out of the well, and deluging men and building with the foul and ill-smelling wealth.

After the drill has been churning away for some time, long enough to convert the water in the hole to a muddy batter, it is lifted out, and a tube several feet in length with a valve in the bottom is let down. Through this the mud enters the tube, which is then hoisted to the surface. This is done two or three times, and then fresh water is poured into the hole (the Colorado City well is dry) and the drilling process begins again.

Some Difficulties.

All this sounds very simple, but it is when something goes wrong—it usually does—that the fun begins. If the rock is soft and caves, it is necessary to "case" the well with steel tubing. This is being done now at Colorado City, and one may see the end of a perpendicular pipe 940 feet in lenght and five and three-eighths inches in diameter just above the surface of the ground. Sometimes something happens to the tools. Perhaps the 10-ton pressure that is used in screwing the joints is not sufficient; perhaps the rope breaks. The tools that dig the well are not half as interesting and ingenious as those which remedy the accidents. There is one to pick up the end of a broken rope; there is another to cut the rope if necessary hundreds of feet below the surface of the ground and close to the great drill which may be fast stuck in the rock. There are grips to seize rods from the outside, and grips to seize pipes from the inside, and even if the drill should break at a place where it completely filled the pipe, the driller would either cut a rim out around the end of the rod, or send down an immense cold chisel that would chop it to pieces. Once in the Colorado City well at a depth of many hundred feet, one of the steel collars came off a pipe, and two of the pieces telescoped, yet even this unusual accident caused only a delay sufficient to bring the necessary tools from Florence, and the broken pipe was pulled to the surface. So expert does the man in charge become that he knows at once if anything is going wrong, and it seems as if he could not only feel through that long extent of rope and steel, but that he could actually see the drill forcing its way through the deep strata of the rocks, and by this means know, as he certainly does in an instant, when anything goes wrong, what is the matter and how it may be remedied.

A Complete Outfit.

The outfit which is at work at Colorado City is a very complete one and thoroughly adapted for the purpose intended. There are four sets of drills of various sizes, and the outfit is valued at $8,500. The place selected for the experiment is a short distance east of the Midland shops, and near the railroad, on the south side of Fountain creek. From the railroad one may see a building of boards which bears the sign:

IRIS WELL NO. 1,

COLORADO CITY OIL CO.

the name being given in honor of the Iris newspaper, whose editor, Mr. W. P. Epperson, has been a very faithful and enthusiastic promoter of the enterprise.

The officers of the company are: J. F. Faulkner, president, John McC[illegible], secretary; M. J. M. Smith, treasurer; R. S. Bristol, vice-president, C. D. Taylor, N. B. Hames and W. P. Epperson, directors. The company is stocked for $100,000, and shares are being sold for 10 cents. The company has leases of 100 acres of land in the valley for 20 years, and these include nearly all the property that is likely to be available for the purpose.

C. H. McVay, an expert of long experience, is superintendent, and is assisted by John Grogan, who is in charge of the night shift.

What has Been Done.

Operations at the well were begun on March 18, 1894. For a depth of 49 feet and nine inches the hole is cased with a 10-inch pipe, and a five and five-eighth inch pipe now extends from the surface to a depth of 940 feet. The drill has been to a depth of 970 feet, but at this point a cave-in rendered it necessary to put down the casing, which is now being done.

While no flow of oil has as yet been encountered "indications" of a promising nature have been found. Two pockets of gas have already been found on the way and when a piece of burning waste was dropped down the hole there was an explosion which caused some very surprising acrobatic feats on the part of the spectators. At the lowest point reached by the drill, the oil appeared to be more plentiful in the shale than at any other point, and was clearly visible on the surface of the water as it was brought up.

Prospects and Opinions.

There is a difference of opinion as to how much deeper the hole ought to go before oil may be expected, if it is there. Mr. McVay says the flow is most likely to be encountered between 1,250 and 1,900 feet. Mr. Grogan is more encouraging and thinks the prospects are good any time now. Both are agreed that the prospects are encouraging, and that there is a very strong probability that something worth while will be found.

After his return from Colorado City the reporter had an opportunity to talk for a few minutes with Professor Arthur Lakes, the expert geologist from the State School of Mines at Golden. "They are in the same formation," said the professor, "as the oil wells at Florence, and if the other conditions are the same, the oil might be expected at a depth of 1,200 feet."

A Colorado Springs Well.

The enterprise will recall to old-timers in this city the hole which was sunk at the northwest corner of the North Park in Colorado Springs some 10 years ago. That was principally to search for artesian water, but there was also talk of gas, oil and coal. The hole was some 1,500 feet in depth, and presumably is still, but nothing ever came out of it but rock.

Whether the Colorado City men will have better luck remains to be seen. Certain it is that they are doing the county a very important service, and their enterprise deserves all the support and encouragement that can be given to it.

A COAL FAMINE.

It is Said to be Coming as a Result of the Strike.

Denver, May 7.—The coal miners at all Santa Fe mines in Colorado and New Mexico have now joined the strike. The indications are all the mines of Southern Colorado will be out in a few days. Delegates are going about the state and their visits are closely followed by strikes.

Walsenburg and Rouse are reported out this evening, although it is also reported that they decided yesterday not to quit work. The lignite mines of Northern Colorado are still working. A coal famine must shortly ensue, as the coal supply is very light all over the state.

ONE MEAL A DAY.

That is what Pueblo is Doing to Help the Coxeyites.

Pueblo, Colo., May 7.—The aldermen instructed the mayor to offer the Missouri Pacific $500 to take the Cripple Creek army out of town, but the road refused. Every precaution is being observed by the railways dentering here to prevent a capture of trains. The city feeds the army, which numbers about 300, once a day.

Heavy Republican Majorities.

Indianapolis, May 7.—The incorporated town in Indiana under municipal form of government elected officers to-day and the results are but a repetition of last Tuesday's work. All the important towns thus far heard from, where party lines were drawn, have gone Republican, except Hughville, a manufacturing subprb of this city, and there the normal Democratic majority of 250 was cut to such a degree that they lost the clerk and pulled the others through by narrow margins. Centerville, New Castle Newport, Jimtown, Mitchell, Spencer, Fortville, Kentland, Liberty, Rochester, North Manchester, Orleans and Danville all returned heavy Republican majorities.

A bomb exploded at 9 p. m. in front of Prince Odelscalchis palace at Rome. Three persons were wounded. At 10 o'clock no arrests had been made.

CRIPPLE CREEK.

An Army With Banners Starts to Join Coxey.

ANOTHER MT. ROSA STRIKE.

A Rich Vein on the Providence—Good Paying Ore in the Something Good—Favorable Reports from Many Mines.

Special to The Gazette.

Cripple Creek, May 3.—The J. A. Whiting Hose company held its regular meeting this evening, at which there was a large attendance. Several names were dropped from the roll for the reason that the members had not attended the meetings or been present at fires. Twelve new members were received.

The Stars and Stripes were at the front, as down the line came many banners, but high above them all floated the national colors. Upon the banners were inscribed, "On to Washington." "Cripple Creek division, Coxey's army." "Give us the free and unlimited coinage of silver!" Under these ensigns soon marched away from the greatest gold mining camp on earth, this afternoon at 4 o'clock three companies of Gen. J. Sanders Industrial army. Considerable inconvenience was occasioned by the army not being able to secure teams early in the day, but finally a sufficient number of horses were secured to move the three big wagons, one of which was loaded down with blankets carried by the men, and the other two with commissary supplies. Just before the army marched away a count of the men in line was made by a representative business man, and proved that the company had 144 men. Upon the breast of all was pinned a badge upon which was printed, "Cripple Creek Legion of Coxey's Industrial Army." In Company B there were forty-three men, and in Company C a like number. Not all the men in the army are known as exemplary representatives of the camp, but it is only fair to say that quite a number of General Sander's command are willing to work, and that these people are earnest and sincere in the gigantic undertaking they have on hand. They camp below the town of Victor to-night. General Sanders and some members of his staff appeared on the streets of Victor about 7 o'clock and shortly after a crowd surrounded him. The general made quite a lengthy speech and finally asked for recruits. About twenty men then joined the legion. Some of the officers in General Sanders' command as well as many of the soldiers, have made records for themselves. Captain H. Johnny Morgan of C company responded to President Lincoln's first call and latter on at the end of the war, came out as captain of Company H, Ninth New York infantry. Major Frances was in the cavalry service for many years and retired a non-commissioned officer. Adjutant General Connell fought Indians a few years as a member of the Kansas National Guards. Captain Lietcherman of company B was schooled as a soldier in "the Helder," one of the greatest academies in Europe, which it is not necessary to say is located in Holland. He has not lived in the West many years.

A new steam hoister is being erected on the Bertha B.

The lessees on the south end of the [illegible] of Gold hill are finding some very good spots of the upper shaft.

All reports agree that in the Minnie Lew on the Iron Clad there is the making of a mine.

The Climax continues to pile up first class ore. Superintendent White states that the ore streak improves constantly in value with depth.

The reports from the Raven tunnel are that streaks of talc and iron are being cut in the space and that all indications point to the near approach to a vein or ore.

The Portland keeps up its record in the matter of shipments. Most of the miners employed are working on ore in the stope on and above the 165-foot level.

The lessees on the Iron Clad on Iron Clad hill are pounding away vigorously but with what success cannot be learned.

The Avilla company has leased several of its claims east of the Victor.

Every man that a place could be found for is being put to work on the Pike's Peak lease No. 2, and the way the ore is being pulled out of that shaft is certainly in mining. The lessees expect to ship ten more cars of first-class ore before the first of June, when their lease expires.

The Cripple Creek legion of Coxey's army had a ride last night on a special train on the Florence and Cripple Creek railway. It was kindly furnished them by President Johnson. All told there were 304 men in the army when it reached Wilbur, and it took five flat cars to carry them. The way they cheered for Mr. Johnson as the train pulled out awakened the echo for miles around.

President Johnson of the Florence and Cripple Creek railway to-night after a conference with General-Freight-Agent Wells and Assistant-General-Passenger-Agent Wadleigh of the Denver and Rio Grande to open his road for freight business in the morning, and will begin passenger service next Sunday. The road is now complete to Wilbur, seven miles distant from this city. The grade is completed to Victor and between that point and Cripple Creek the contractors have the line black with graders. Most of the heavy work is completed, and by the 1st of June at the latest it is promised that the iron horse will reach this city. The time card for the new road has been arranged in this way for the present. Kuykendall's stages will leave Cripple Creek at 7:30 a. m., and arrive at Wilbur at 9:45 a. m. Twenty minutes later trains will leave for Florence, where they will arrive at 1:55. Pueblo will be reached at 12:10 p. m., Colorado Spring at 2:45 and Denver at 5:25. Return trains leave the capital city at 8:30 a. m., and reach Florence at 1:48 p. m., Wilbur at 3:15 and Cripple Creek at 5:15. C. C. Nikirk, general agent of the road, will have his office in the Palace hotel. All roads have nicknames and President Johnson has dubbed his road "the Cripple Creek short-line."

The Plymouth Rock is showing up better with each days work. At a depth of thirty-five feet a strong ore chute has been encountered from which a car load of mineral has been taken and will on Monday be shipped to the Golden mill at Florence.

The bicycle riders of Cripple Creek called a meeting for Sunday, when they will organize a wheel club. They propose to build a first-class track, and offer gold bricks as prizes to the L. A. W., as an inducement to visit them next August during their meet.

The Panther, a promising property adjoining the Kismet, is being rapidly developed. A short time ago a large vein of low grade ore was encountered, and to-day the management ordered the men to start the drift. Shipments will begin on the 15th inst.

A strike of considerable importance has been made on the Abe Lincoln, which adjoins the Eclipse No. 1, at the summit of Raven hill. The sylvanite ore, of which mention has been made in these colums, has widened out to fully four feet.

The Beacon Hill mine on Beacon hill has commenced shipping ore to the Golden mill at Florence. The mine has a 4-foot lead in it, and yesterday ore was taken out from between the walls ran $80 without sorting.

The New York tunnel has completed a wagon road between that property and Anaconda.

People owning stock in the Mt. Rosa Mining and Milling company are in great luck. Another vein, and what appears to be a mammoth one in size has been opened on that property. The Providence people thought the vein was on the land claimed by them, but by a survey made to-day they had to throw up both hands and admit they were over their line 75 feet. This new vein on Mt. Rosa ground is not a marker to the Gold Coin which is really a big proposition. The ore from the new lead is almost, if not quite, identical with that now being mined in the Independence, and at the surface carries fully as much value as did the bonanza property of Cripple Creek at the same depth.

The Caledonia people have let a contract for sinking a new shaft on that property to a depth of 100 feet. The new shaft is located some distance north of the present workings, where rich ore was recently discovered. Yesterday a depth of 15 feet had been reached, and a magnificent showing of quartz was already opened up which assayed $20 to $80 to the ton.

The lessees on the south end of the Hidden Treasure, on Gold Hill—Messrs. Wilcox, Hubbard Bros., Kinney and Van Houten, are finding a much better grade of ore in a drift which is being run to the north. Several shipments have already been made to the mills from this shaft.

C. D. Van Houten of the real estate firm of Kinney & Van Houten, has gone to Eastern Oregon to make a deal in some mining property in which the firm is interested.

C. D. Wood, manager of the New York Mining company received returns yesterday from a car load of ore shipped from the Jack G. The average for the car was a little over $110 per ton. Twelve men are employed on this property. About three car loads of seven-ounce ore are being produced monthly. The east vein recently opened up is looking fine, but is also producing a very good grade of milling ore.

The Vola people are in it sure enough this time, and it does not take the services of an assayer to show it, as the vein matter in the face of the south drift of the Something Good claim pans up in the pictures. A first-class practical miner who visited the mine yesterday states that few mines in the entire district have a better showing, and that the property from now on will contribute materially to the wealth of the world.

The shaft on the Chief on Raven Hill has reached a depth of 150 feet. At this point drifts have been started both ways on the vein. In the face of both drifts, as well as at the bottom of the shaft, there is a magnificent showing of sylvanite. No mine in camp is making a better record. Shipments are made regularly, and practical men look upon this property as one of the big producers of the future.

F. J. Moynahan, lessee of the Hidden Treasure on Gold Hill, has been driving a cross cut at the bottom of the old shaft, which is 167 feet deep. After driving some distance past reports are current that he has a vein, the ore of which closely resembles Pike's Peak ore. It is further reported that assays as high as $150 per ton have been obtained.

In the North Star on the north side of Raven Hill, a very rich streak of sylvanite ore was opened yesterday.

The shaft on the Ella, on Raven Hill, is now 40 feet deep. The showing at the bottom is good. In fact, the owneres expect shipping ore at any time.

The M. K. and T., on Squaw mountain, made a shipment yesterday. They have ore in all the openings. This property looks like a stayer.

The C. O. D. mine closed temporarily today until a satisfactory arrangement can be made between the management and the Miners' Union. The property was never looking better. The amount of sylvanite showing in the breast of the third level is phenomenal.

The Gold & Globe, one of the best appointed plants in the district, will to-morrow morning resume operations, when 20 stamps will begin dropping. The remaining 10 will be put in motion as soon as a little needed repair is completed. Superintendent Frank Frasier returned to camp to-day, and at once left for the mill.

General J. S. Sanders, commander of the Cripple Creek contingent of the Coxey army, announces that he will leave the city at 12 o'clock to-morrow for the national capital. Some enthusiast has furnished him with two teams, which will be used in hauling the provisions, tents and clothing of the command. They will first march to Victor, where they will be joined by 100 men. Friday they will start for Washington. At Pueblo General Sanders expects to be joined by from two to four companies numbering 50 men each. The army was out on dress parade again to-day, and made a very presentable appearance. A man headed the procession carrying the stars and stripes. This morning General Sanders appointed M. A. Montgomery advance agent, and Harry Roupe quartermaster general.

Professor John Leonard, an aeronaut of note, made a successful balloon ascension and parachute jump in this city this evening about sundown. He ascended to a height of about 2,000 feet.

No credit is given here to the story that arms are being shipped to various places in the county preparatory to a move on the part of the mine owners to settle the strike and dictate terms. It is generally pronounced by both the operators and workers as a fake.

Cripple Creek, May 5. The Little Annie, situated about half a mile west of town on the border of the oat field, is showing up splendidly with development. The shaft is now down 35 feet, and at this point the vein is fully 10 feet wide. It appears, too, that the greater portion of the lead matter contains good value. The assays make a good showing, from $18 to $40 per ton. The lead can be readily traced from Cripple Creek, near the brick-yards, for a distance of over a mile west and throughout has the vein characteristic of ore that is found in the vein in the granite in the south end of the district.

Colonel David G. Dardin, owner of the Lincoln mine, on the divide road, opposite Beaver Park, has another car load of ore ready for shipment. He has a true fissure vein in the granite, and this ore averages about $20 per ton.

F. M. Jones, Andrew McQuillan and M. Vanford have sunk 45 feet on the Wizzard lode adjoining the townsite of Victor. They have a nice-looking streak of ore coming in at the bottom of the shaft, which assays $16 per ton.

Stanley Bros. are still sinking the Bonanza King shaft, No. 2, on Iron Clad Hill, have been following a crevice containing talc and also crystalized quartz. The prospect is a very flattering one, and is in a good neighborhood. It is flanked by the Oro and Climax, both of which are in pay ore.

The Review claim on Iron Clad Hill, is owned by J. L. Walsh and others. It adjoins the Teutonic, and is being worked and a very promising prospect.

Joseph Swindell and his partner are working two shafts of the Golden Terry on Tenderfoot Hill. The shaft is down 50 feet, and the boys are drifting to catch the vein they cut a few weeks ago.

The Keystone Mining & Milling company is at least an energetic organization, if nothing more can be said, for the acting superintendent, Furguson, is pounding away with a will on the Pride of the Hill and on the Penny, while lessees are working the Nancy Hanks, Victoria, No. 2 and Panic. All are in the Keystone consolidation, but it is believed that there is great wealth in their several claims, and this is what accounts for the energy.

The Pride of the West on the east slope of Gold Hill, and a shaft is now down to a depth of 52 feet. In a short distance more a drift will be started and the drift is starting for one of the really big things of the camp, being nothing less than the famous Rice vein on Pike's Peak, No. 2.

The Penny is on the north slope of Gold Mountain. A shaft is going down steadily on a good strong promising vein.

W. O. Leaver has a lease and bond on the Panic, northeast of the Victor, and near the Legal Tender. He is convinced that he has a bonanza in the property.

Van Houten has a lease and bond on the Victoria, No. 2, and the Nancy Hanks, both on the slope of Gold Hill. He is taking out good-looking quartz, and says that he will be able to take up his bond before the time expires.

A strike made on the Hidden Treasure on the apex of Bull Hill disclosed that a new vein has been opened up in a different part of the claim. It is three feet wide and assays from $29 to $30 to the ton five feet from the surface. The new vein opened is about 100 feet north of the old shaft. Wilcox and Hubbard are the lessees and they are greatly encouraged by their find.

Some magnificent specimens of quartz very rich in free gold are shown from the new discoveries on the Kalamazoo on the north side of Bull hill. Sinking has been suspended for some days where the shaft has been timbered.

The lessees on the Abe Lincoln are at present in a body of blue quartz, which while it does not show sylvanite, has all the appearance of being rich in that metal. Assays show a constant increase of gold as depth is attained.

The Cripple Creek contingent of Coxey's army are having very good luck on their march thus far toward Washington, as the following telegram dated at Florence to-day indicates: "We break camp at 3 p. m. The Denver and Rio Grande will furnish a train of 10 cars to carry us to Pueblo. The citizens furnished the men with their dinner to-day. We enlisted company D with 40 men. We have 400 men now enrolled and expect 250 more at Pueblo.

COLONEL JOSEPH WALLACE.

FROM SPINNEY.

A New Town Located Near the South Park Gold Fields.

Special to The Gazette.

Spinney Colo., May 1. The name of Spinney has been on the maps as a town for several years, but the place has only recently been platted, as it is found to be in the midst of the gold fields of South Park. It is 60 miles west of Colorado Springs, on the Colorado Midland railroad. Spinney is really the center of the camp, and not Balfour. A daily line of stages connects the two points. The mines about Spinney should receive as much attention as its neighbors, for they will probably become shippers as soon as any district. Spinney is conceded to be an ideal location for a townsite, being situated on a pretty plain, with high hills stretching away from it. The South Platte river and a beautiful mountain creek furnish an abundance of water for the town. Spinney is the natural railroad outlet for the entire camp, and undoubtedly nearly every ton of ore taken out will be shipped from this point. The new hotel, which is the finest in the district, will be opened Monday and the public will be furnished excellent accommodations as reasonable prices.

The Unitarian Conference.

The opening session of the Rocky Mountain conference of the Liberal Christian churches was held last night at the All Soul's Unitarian church. Rev. C. E. Montague and George H. Taylor of Rocky Ford conducted the devotional exercises, and an able sermon was delivered by Rev. David Utter of Salt Lake upon the liberal belief of the Christian world, and its relation to science.

To-morrow the work of the conference proper will open, with devotional exercises conducted by Rev. Steven-Peebles of Satank. The business meeting will occur at 9:45, at which reports of Secretary C. E. Montague of Denver, and Treasurer F. E. Shepard will be received; also reports from various districts of the conference. At 11:15 o'clock Rev. T. B. Forbush will deliver a discourse on "The Outlook." The afternoon session will be devoted to woman and her work in which Miss Cora Ballard of Denver will read a paper, which will be followed by a general discussion led by Miss Edith Ferris of this city, and Mrs. R. P. Utter of Salt Lake City. Reports of the various woman's societies will then be made. At 4:15 L. R. Ehrich will read a paper on "The Temple Not Made With Hands." Dr. R. H. Wilson of Denver will lead this discussion.

In the evening Dr. Slocum will deliver an address on "The Duty of the Church in Moulding Public Opinion In Political Affairs," which will be followed by another by Rev. N. A. Haskell of Denver on "The Church and Social Reform."

Quite a number listened to the sermon last night, and the programme for today is quite an interesting one.

A Pleasing Entertainment

The entertainment at the High School auditorium last evening given under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary of the Keeley league was like every entertainment given by the Keeleys in this city—a huge success. A large audience was present. The principal attraction of the evening was the dramatic reader, Miss Susie Carpenter of Denver. She is a winsome little lady and proved a popular attraction. All of her selections were well chosen and well rendered. She is very strong in dramatic action and her posing were the best features of her work.

The Barnes-Cassar orchestra was present and enlivened the evening with some fine music. The Y. O. Barnes Glee club sang several numbers some of which were quite new. They were warmly welcomed as usual and did excellent work. Mr. W. H. R. Stote sang a solo with good effect and had to respond to an encore. Mr. M. J. Myers of Colorado City read the selection accompanying one of Miss Carpenter's numbers and proved a fine reader. For the concluding number Mrs. H. E. Insley sang "Comin' Through the Rye" very sweetly and Miss Carpenter followed it with pantomime.

A very nice sum will be realized for the Auxiliary league by the entertainment.

NYE IN PADUCAH.

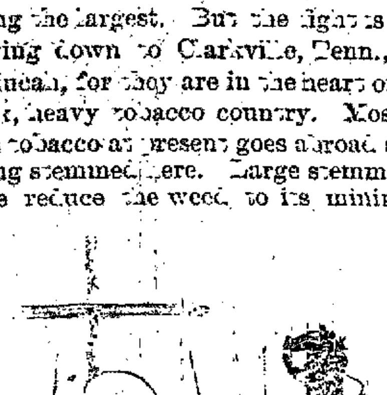
HE WRITES ABOUT THE FIRST HOTEL THAT WAS BUILT THERE.

And How It Has Been Succeeded Later by One More Stylish—He Is Introduced Into Paducah Society—Meeting an Old Friend. Some Mean Men.

Copyright, 1894, by Edgar W. Nye.

IN KENTUCKY, Spring of '94.

Paducah is the second largest dark tobacco market in the world, Louisville being the largest. But the fight is narrowing down to Clarksville, Tenn., and Paducah, for they are in the heart of the dark, heavy tobacco country. Most of this tobacco at present goes abroad after being stemmed here. Large stemmeries here reduce the weed to its minimum weight, and it then goes to the factories and consumers of the old world. Quite a quantity of it comes back in the shape of mixtures. We buy it because it is English, and many of our fastidious young men like it to smoke in their brier pipes. They enjoy it much more because it has the London brand on it, though it is not really so good in my own estimation as it is right from Kentucky and before it has been flavored with various drugs, paints, oils and varnishes.



FEEING THE WAITER.

The American cutting tobacco, when properly cured and before it has been doctored, is the best and least injurious tobacco for smoking of which I know.

Paducah has been conservative, as the south generally has since the war, and for that reason the panic of the past year has had less chance to nip inflated business than would have been the case.

Very beautiful hard wood of all kinds is grown in the vicinity of Paducah, and every year here where these four big rivers come together vast quantities of useful and ornamental woods are prepared for the market. Three and a half millions of spindles and bobbins for the factories of England are turned out each year.

The first hotel ever built in Paducah was built of logs, and guests washed their faces in the kitchen, using soft soap and wiping their features dry on a communistic towel. The odor of fried pork dwelt most of the time amid the rafters of the roof, and the man who asked for a finger bowl got shot.

This hotel was erected in 1831 regardless of cost, the ground alone on which it stood costing over $12. As it began to put on more airs in 1832, the Indians were not allowed to eat at the first table unless they came from Virginia.

For breakfast, the menu was tea or eggs. Lunch consisted of bear meat and rhubarb pie. Fresh rhubarb was sent in each week by a Louisville pharmacist.

Now a beautiful hotel run by Colonel Reed is one of the ornaments of Paducah. Colonel Reed is a leading spirit in the city's onward march, having been mayor several times, with his portrait in an annual "write up" of the city. He not only made us happy, but introduced us in Paducah society without hesitation.

This shows that the old spirit of chivalry is not dead in Kentucky, even though Colonel Breckinridge has retired after being betrayed, having left the honor of Kentucky in other hands.

Any young woman who sought the overthrow of Colonel Reed would find him ever standing up for the right. Rather than go down forever with the silver tongued orator to a life of shame he would get out of the carriage and walk home through the mud.

Paducah has good schools, good newspapers, good streets and a good car service. Occasionally one sees a few Berkshire hogs strolling down the street, but they do not bite unless provoked, and human life is as safe in Paducah today as it is in the hands of the New York police.

Coming out of Paducah we passed through a small town where we threw off a mailsack and caught another one without stopping. It was a small town, consisting of a set of scales and a Mugwump hog. There was also a little store containing two clay pipes and a stick of candy. Over this was the sign Ward Bros. & Son.

I have been trying for five weeks to figure out who this son is. Is he a son of the firm, or where does he come in? Mr. Smith, too, has worked at it of evenings, but he is still at a loss to know. Will the reader figure this out and write me care of No. 45 Park place, New York? The first one giving a correct answer will receive a promissory note that was taken from a good man last fall and liable to be paid most any time.

We stopped at a very nice hotel yesterday called the Rudd House. On the bottom of the menu were these words: "Do not fee the waiter. We pay them enough to insure good service, and guests will confer a favor by giving them nothing more, as it interferes with the service."

It would be a fine thing if all hotels would indorse this. In many places now a decent attendance is only obtained by tipping the waiter, and it is thoroughly un-American in every respect. May we not hope that some day every man who runs a hotel or other business will make such arrangements with his help that we need not while traveling here be all the time feeling for a quarter to give an underpaid employee?

Of course in this matter poor Mr. Pullman is not considered. He would pay his porters if able to do so, but with only a little over $2,000,000 a year net coming in he is worried to death to pay off his household help, to say nothing of porters on the cars.

Mr. Pullman for years has been struggling along, buying new pillowcases and nickel cuspidors for his cars, and though he has often hoped to be able to pay his poor employees enough so that the public in buying a bed would not have to buy a big buck chambermaid also he has never yet been able to do it. George, give us a service that is paid for, please, and then you can stand up and sing in church without shame.

A week ago I stood at the corner of the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, scrutinizing the Board of Trade building, which is, according to the architects, peeling off in places and falling on a pardoned anarchist once in awhile. Then a voice was seen approaching from a distance. It said: "Oh, sir, could you, for the love of heaven, give me a quarter? I am starving. It has been over six weeks since food has passed my lips."

I looked up suddenly to see how a man looked after that kind of treatment. I never went that long without food myself, but I kept Lent by boarding at the Phoenix hotel in Hopkinsville, Ky.

I was a little startled, for I at once recognized the man.

It was a cab driver who used to drive from the Fort Wayne depot. With a glad smile I seized his hand.

"Did you not at one time drive a cab between the depot and hotels?" I asked.

"Yes, from the Fort Wayne depot," he cried eagerly, licking his chops.

"Well, I thought I knew you!" I exclaimed, reaching for my pocketbook and writing a line for him on a blank leaf. "Here is a receipt in full for that half dollar you chiseled out of me during the World's fair. It is not much, but it will help."

With these words I went on down town, happy in the thought that I had done a good act and glad also that I have a good memory for faces.

We got talking about mean men the other evening as we foregathered in the greenroom before the curtain rang up on our "opry."

Hackett of Auburn, Me., was telling of a man there who had the same name as his father, who was in the same business in another town. He had to use a weekly market report and used to open the envelope by steaming it. Then, copying the report, he would put it back in the envelope, stick it together, strike out the old address excepting the name and forward it to his father, saving the sum of 2 cents each week, which was divided between the two at the end of each month.

Then Mr. Smith told of a neighbor of his whose son died, and the grief stricken father went to town to dicker for a misfit coffin. He got one at half price that had been returned some years ago to the undertaker. It was rather short, but the old man took it, hoping that he could get his son into it before the body became too rigid.

He was delayed, however, by muddy roads, and when he got home he found that it would be impossible to put his son in the mark down coffin, so he sharpened up his old bucksaw and actually sawed off his son's feet to make him fit his bargain counter casket.

THE EX-CABMAN.

This is a historical fact.

Artemus Ward used to tell of two brothers from his state who greeted each other in the street one day after a separation of two years and asked each other the news.

"Waal, I don't know of nawthin in partickler," said George, "only I sold the old black hoss."

"No!" ejaculated Henry.

"Yiss," says George.

"Who did ye sell him tew?" said Henry.

"Waal, guess."

"I never'd guess in the world," says Henry. "He wasn't wuth a cuss, was he?"

"No."

"Balky and blind and 27 years old, wasn't he?"

"Yiss."

"How much did ye git for him?"

"Hundred and fifty dollahs."

"Waal, you must have picked up a suckah. Who did ye sell him tew?"

"Well, sir, by George Harry, I sold him to mothah."

I lectured once under the management of a man named Humpstead in Indiana. He was too close to get tickets printed, so he wrote them—about 800 of them—in longhand and shorthand on same ticket, so that they could not be counterfeited. It took him three days. Then he advertised with a marking pot and brush on the fences and had it announced in the churches.

When 8 o'clock came, I started out for the opera house, but when within a block of the door I ran up against a procession of people which extended to the box office. I walked around the crowd tickled to death with the outlook for standing room only.

After waiting till 9 o'clock and getting no word to begin I inquired of an usher what we were waiting for. He said that early in the evening some one had rung in a plugged quarter on Humpstead, and he was holding back the crowd till he could find who did it.

He fed a horse on the straw he got from a crockery firm and that had been used for packing china and glassware until last October, when the woods were gay with happy nutters and the ripe corn gleamed like gold in the rustling sheath of gray shuck—

When the frost was on the punkin
And the fodder in the shock.

Then he gave a gentle moan and passed away. (The horse, I mean.)

Mr. Humpstead bought a pound of crackers once and allowed the bill to run till the grocer asked him for the price of them. Mr. H. said he would settle the bill as soon as he could have a settlement with his mother. It seems that his mother had used a part of the crackers, and he was waiting till she settled for her share.

These are facts.

Last year he slipped on a bad sidewalk and sprained his ankle and foot so badly that he could not walk for some days and appeared then with his foot done up in a bedquilt artistically fastened with tarred rope.

As soon as he could get about he brought suit for the value of the foot on the grounds of negligence on the part of the town authorities.

The case hung fire, however, and was thrown out of court on the suggestion of the county surveyor.

"How can we make change, your honor," asked the surveyor one day, "in case of a verdict, for Humpstead, soul, body and bedquilt, is only worth the fraction of a cent? How can we make change and pay him for his foot?"

The case was then abandoned.

Let me say in justice to Mr. Humpstead that one report regarding him is false and wicked. I do not wish to see him wronged by an unthinking public or sensational press. He did not as reported use his mother's coffin lid to slide down hill on last winter.

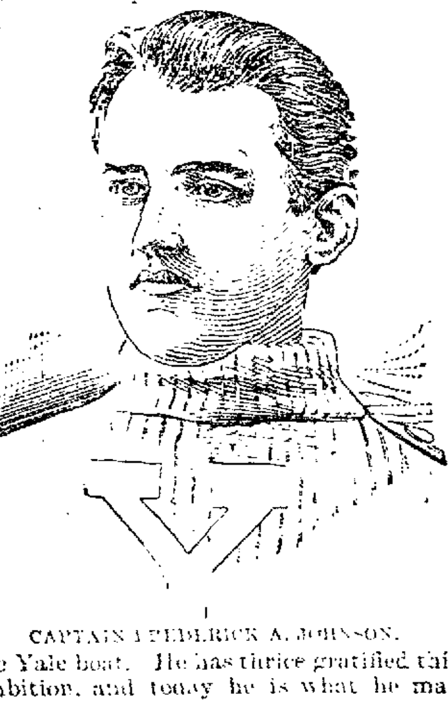
There wasn't snow enough last winter for that purpose where he lived anyway, and his mother is still living.

Bill Nye

YALE'S VARSITY CREW.

Captain Johnson and the Men Who Will Row For the Blue.

Frederick Allen Johnson, captain of the Yale varsity crew this year, was born in Norwich, Conn., half a dozen miles from Gale's ferry, the future headquarters of the Yale crew every year. As far back as memory will go he can remember seeing the slender shell of the Yale crew cutting the waters of the Thames. One of his boyish dreams was a great ambition to become a man as soon as possible and win a seat in the Yale boat. He has thrice gratified this ambition, and today he is what he may never have dared to dream he would be—captain of the crew. If he wins from Harvard this year, his boyish dreams will be more than realized.



CAPTAIN FREDERICK A. JOHNSON.

He was a freshman three years ago and tried for the freshman crew. Bob Cook, Captain Josh Hartwell and the rest of the Yale coachers had about despaired of finding a good man to row bow in the '92 crew. Half a dozen men were tried and thrown out. Finally Cook noticed young Freshman Johnson, who was lustily pulling away in his class boat. Cook transferred him to the university shell as a forlorn hope. Johnson improved under coaching very fast, and when the '92 crew won from Harvard by 18 lengths Johnson pulled one of the strongest oars in the boat. Last year he again showed remarkable dash, determination and effective work. After the race Johnson was elected captain. He is a senior in the Sheffield Scientific school.

The average weight of the crew this year is 178 pounds. The crew and substitutes are the following named:

	Weight.	Height.	Age.
Stroke—F. A. Johnson	167	5.11	23
7—R. B. Treadway	174	6.00	20
6—W. R. Cross	180	6.02	20
5—A. W. Dater	182	6.01½	21
4—J. M. Longacre	182	5.11	22
3—William Beard	175	5.09	19
2—H. C. Holcomb	176	5.09	20
Bow—R. Armstrong	162	5.09	20
Sub—J. H. Knapp	176	6.00	21
Sub—William Smith	165	5.10	19

CONDENSED SPORTING CHAT.

It is reported that Evan Lewis, the noted wrestler, has consumption.

Clifford's recent defeat of Yo Tambien and his mile and a furlong in 1 minute 57½ seconds make him a hot Brooklyn Handicap favorite.

William Clearwater, who recently beat Champion de Oro at Cleveland and is now playing him another match, is regarded as the coming pool champion.

W. D. Cleveland, a new Yale sprinter, can do the 100 yards dash in 10 1-5 seconds.

E. H. Cady, a Yale man, recently did the 120 yards hurdles in the fast time of 16 1-5 seconds.

The Suburban Handicap will be run June 21 at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island.

On High Olympus.

"What are you looking so glum about, old man?" asked Jupiter.

Mars frowned. "A little German tailor has invented a bullet proof suit that is likely to interfere with my business," said he.

"They are getting a little the best of you," chimed in Cupid, "but it will be a cold day before they ever get an armor that is proof against my darts."—Indianapolis Journal.

[illegible] DICHROTIC PULSE.

"Tales of Ten Travelers" Series.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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As Mr. Slipson Cogleigh had invented something in the line of machinery which made him very rich in properties and exceedingly poor in health, he possessed certain testamentary possibilities necessary to be closely looked after by those nearest him in ties of kinship and interest.

He was still a young man in years, but a very old one in mental and bodily suffering. He had been too asorbed in money getting to provide himself with wife, children and home as partial and potent defense against those who had decided that his gainings should be theirs; and consequently relatives had taken possession of his person and made his life wretched with their wranglings for preferences.

He had really made several desperate though futile efforts to escape from the bondage his riches imposed; but his stomach had failed him early in his career, neuralgia overtook him at a subsequent period and the rackings of rheumatism had followed. Besides this, as any one could see from the literal uncontrollable motion of his hand when writing, the [illegible] use of coffee, tea, tobacco, or other stimulant, had given him what those most interested termed a dichrotic pulse, and this was chiefly relied upon to carry Mr. Slipson Cogleigh off at any convenient moment.

His poor relations, like all poor relations, being in the best of health, he found himself no match for them in cunning and contrivance, and he at last perforce became resigned to a lingering death in the society of those who, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, had been most ingenious, most vigorous and most daring in warfare upon each other and in assaults upon his personal liberty; until the narrowing circle of inexorable imprisonment surrounding him had been reduced to the small though alert vigilant party which accompanied him to the little known but marvelous baths of Furnas, in the island of St. Michael among the far and dreamful Azores.

The members of this surviving heroic band, for there was a touch of heroism in each individual purpose from their various standpoints of motive and action—were disposed at a convenient distance from Mr. Cogleigh and his man-servant, upon the promenade deck of a steamer, which was now rounding the heights of Point Delgada and making its entrance into the artificial harbor of Ponta Delgada, the third city in size and importance in Portugal and the Azores.

Before the quaint old city straggled to the right and left like a checkered ribbon of pink and blue, creeping prettily out and up over pleasant ways of almost tropical verdure and bloom, toward a circling group of high and serrated outlying hills. Fine old Doric structures crept through the film of distance, and gradually were disclosed the sunny streets, overshadowed now and then by massive cupola, ungainly dome or delicate minaret, opening out and on, past tower of church or ancient campanile, to the far and lovely quintas and villas of the rich, like white flecks against the heathery mountain sides beyond.

They saw, too, the lazily shifting threads of Azorean harbor life: the just arrived, low-lying government mail-steamer from Lisbon, with the frantic demonstrations and regard from thousands of islanders upon the puays and scudding, hurtling small boats, swarming about; queer looking craft laden with the fine sleek cattle from St. Mary's and manned by a hairy lot armed with ox-goads like the pikes of Spanish picadors; strange Mediterranean brigs and brigantines, suggesting the days of Algerine piracies; cumbrous lighters with their single sails of matting, laden with gaudily painted island pottery; New Bedford whalers on their way to home ports; London fruit packets which have made of the Azores an odorous market garden for England; all interspersed with customs officers' boats, tobacco-boats and beggar-boats innumerable and the guadanos of the touters for the shadowy old Ponta Delgada inns, whose cry, In God's name" to "Durma na minha casa esta noite!" that is to "Lodge at my house this night" rose shrill and clear above all other discordant sounds, carrying undoubted pledge of welcome to every soul upon every incoming craft.

The impressions upon the Cogleigh party were varying and various but they all took on form and seeming through the one predominant object of their journey.

"Ah!" exclaimed bland old Manoel Pereira, Mr. Cogleigh's Portugese man-servant, with kindling eyes, as he tucked the rugs a little closer about the invalid and apparently quoted from some old island ballad, "the glories that begirt thee in the world unrivalled stand! You will surely be a new man, Mr. Cogleigh, before you have known my blessed island of St. Michael for three balmy months!"

"If I could get rid of a portion of them," with a hopeless gesture toward certain of his watchful retinue, "I might, Manoel. I fervently pray for both."

"Amen!" responded Manoel, softly giving the rugs another kindly tucking.

"Ugh! They're a lot of savages!" injected Miss Betsey, commonly called Betty Gamper, one of the active constituents of the near and vigilant group. She was Mr. Cogleigh's maiden aunt, who had beaten off all other representatives of her side of the family in the battle for the invalid's wealth. "I've sacrificed the best years of my life watching over Slipson, and now I'm dragged off here to [illegible] on sacrificing and suffering. But [illegible] He'll pay for it, mind you!"

This was largely a warning to her companions that Betty Gamper was not to be taken off her guard, even in the Azores, [illegible] roused Mrs. Broadbreadth [illegible] her, to a reassertion of [illegible] claims and to a notice of her de- [illegible]

[illegible] was only an aunt by marriage [illegible] felt that her victory had [illegible] her home his hospital [illegible] as well as the domicile, at expense of [illegible] the other members of [illegible] bravely remain [illegible] dichrotic pulse [illegible] to his affairs. [illegible] Mrs. Drugget with [illegible] superior martyr, [illegible] If you'd been in [illegible] Gamper, you could [illegible]

[illegible] retorted Mrs. [illegible]

"That I had!" [illegible] Mrs. Drugget [illegible] the interruption [illegible] stay up nights [illegible] day in and day out, year in and year out [illegible] where sacrifice that [illegible] And what do I get for it? I lose my only mainstay, my daughter Hetty, on that upstart Cogleigh favorite, Robert Forsyth; I get my lovely home broken up; and now I'm dragged off here, and no knowing what'll happen. Pay for it? You'll see whether I'll make Slipson Cogleigh pay for it though!"

The remaining vultures were awakened to active reassertion by Mrs. Drugget's heated remarks. They comprised Mr. and Mrs. Chillip Clingsly.

Mrs. Chillip Clingsly, who insisted that she was but a weak vessel in the hands of providence, was in reality a powerful woman in the bonds of wedlock with the agent of National Board of Heathen Helpers, over whose chalky face and mummied form "Discarded by the Cannibals" was plainly written. But he was one of those wiry, silent little tentacles of human steel that eleemosynary national boards throw out and fasten upon possibilities and charitable bequests and which cling there as remorseless as death itself.

He seldom more than timidly suggested to the weak vessel beside him, who represented a third branch of the Cogleigh family, and who providently carried foolscap paper and stylographic pen in her reticule at all times ready for the supreme moment when Slipson Cogleigh should be sufficiently alarmed by the action of his dichrotic pulse to execute his will.

"Sacrificing and suffering," remarked Mrs. Clingsley with a measured wheeze, "happened to be counted where counting's done for what's really in 'em. Slipson has told me as much, many times. His mind's made up, ladies. Don't think because I am a weak vessel I'm not fully acquainted with all your motives. Slipson is, too. He'll remember his real friends—"

"And the Board," interrupted Mr. Clingsley meekly.

"Certainly, the Board. He's told me as much."

The four grim sentinels here relapsed into silence and their usual expressions of scorn and defiance consisting of shruggings, excited head tremblings and suppressed snortings on the part of the ladies, and the closing of Mr. Clingsly's little eyes with the opening of his thin lips, which, on such occasions, invariably softly hummed the pleasant melody of

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—"

while the tips of his gaunt fingers tapped clinkingly upon his empty spectacle case held, with a military air squarely against his thin little chest.

There was something charming, wholesome, hopeful and good about the remaining two of the Cogleigh party. These were Mr. Robert Forsyth, hearty, healthy, fine; recently out of the university, and covered all over with the unmistakable insignia of honorable graduation from the broadest curriculum of athletics; lacking full manhood only because of Slipson Cogleigh's persistent generosity, perhaps prompted by that strange human principle which often roots the heart of the physically helpless to the physically brave and strong.

Leaning lovingly upon his arm as they both hung over the steamer's rail intent upon the colored Azorean harbor scenes, was a beautiful young woman, the bride of a week. All the cheeriness and brightness which had come to Slipson Cogleigh within the Drugget family prison had been bestowed by this one true little woman now Hester Drugget Forsyth; the "mainstay" whose loss Mrs. Drugget had but a moment before deplored; and, at last somewhat free from the domination of the latter, deliriously happy in the first consciousness of deliverance and possession.

"George, Hetty, that's a glorious scene!" exclaimed Bob heartily.

"Glorious? I should think so. Why, its perfectly heavenly, Bob. Wasn't Mr. Cogleigh just grand and good to give us such a wedding trip?"

"He was never anything else, Hetty. Deserves a better fate." This with a gesture of his head toward the watchful group behind. "Confound it! I've sometimes half a notion to run away with him myself."

"Let's! Oh, let's, Bob. That would be just lovely. I'm going right over and tell him so now!"

"Why, you precious little goose, you'd have the whole pack on us and him in a minute."

"Well, I'm going to thank him again, anyhow."

"You've done that, a thousand times already, Hetty."

"Don't care. I'm going. Come on, Bob!"

And with this she broke away from her proud young husband who straggled laughing after her, a cloud of anxiety settling upon his face as he glanced at the group of relatives already craning their necks toward his impulsive little wife who had bounded like a child to Slipson Cogleigh's side.

"Bob says I shan't; but I shall. There, now."

"Shan't what, Hetty?"

"Shan't thank you again and again and again for the lovely trip you've given us. But I shall, and a kiss besides."

Here her lips came rousingly against Slipson Cogleigh's forehead, once twice, thrice, as she flutteredover him heedless thrice as she fluttered over him heedlessly little hands pressed his thin cheeks caressingly as she burst forth radiantly with.

"You're just the best man that ever did live whatever anyone says. There, now, You're not going to die, either. There, now. You're just going to live. There, now. We'll get you over to Furnas—won't we, Manoel"—and we'll just rub you day and night. There, now." A kiss. "We'll just souse and souse and souse you in those horrid hot sulphur baths. There, now." Another kiss. "And we'lljust chuck you in that horrid hot sulphur mud, until every ache and pain in your body is gone. There, now!"

The little woman, hereupon realizing that the passengers were becoming intensely interested, and that the quartette of watchers were already upon their feet, ran away as impulsively as she had come; Bob rejoining her and mildly expostulating; Hetty all the time shaking her head in defiance at those who might criticise or doubt, while the group of relatives regretfully resumed their seats.

"I'll take more than rubbing to bring that man to!" snapped out Miss Betsy Gamper, settling herself comfortably in her chair.

"Dichrotic pulses don't stop their double action at the bidding of a silly bride's hope," insisted Hetty's mother with a sigh of relief.

"I should say not," wheezed Mrs. Clingsly. He's past help from sousing, too."

"It's not sulphureted mud that'll save him, if I might [illegible]," said the agent of the board, resuming his melodious tour to Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand with its finger-tip staccato of accompaniment.

It was with these and various other oral and silent evidences of motive, character and condition that the Cogleigh party debarked from their steamer, and, under the wise protection of Manoel's deferential politeness, passed unscathed the swarms awaiting the plucking of the estrangeiros; ascended the slippery landing stairs in safety; escaped the proddings of the customs officers without tittle or alarm; and were finally put in charge of the wonderful cocheiros with broad hats, bare feet, baggy trousers, tremendous whips and mighty oaths.

Then there was a pleasant drive about the quaint old city, to its most characteristic scenes; the plaza and its hundreds of saddled donkeys, patiently dozing while awaiting hire; to the Byzantine facades of the ancient churches, each crowned by its square coop of a campanile, housing a group of cracked, ceaselessly clattering bells; to the little old walled market-place, where strut the corseted, noisy military officers, where peasant women, each hidden by the capote e capello, the most grotesque head and shoulders covering in all the world, endlessly knit beside their handfuls of vegetables and fruit, and where grave peasant men, with their short and wonderfuly adorned jackets, their long, lithe staffs and their carapucas for the head with dependent neck cloaks and mammoth visors, whose sides are curled into curious crooked horns, roll and smoke their huge cigarettes the whole day long; to the sunny open spaces filled with swarms of ragged beggars, in hundreds, sprawling and squatting upon the warm pavement stones; and to the innumerable city fountains which sprout, babble and sing without end, where the swarthy water-carriers loiter and pose and chatter and gossip, the men at last trotting gaily away with their mighty casks and the women, with their high earthen jars poised on their shapely heads tripping homeward as daintily and airily as in measures of the contradanza or waltz.

The balmy wind was playing fantastic pranks with the jasmine vines and swaying cortinas before the windows of a quaint old inn where the Cogleigh party finally alighted. Its inner patio or court was even more charming than its intelor.

A narrow gallery ran around the entire second story, with here and there a bird in a cage and a profusion of semi tropical plants. On one side some pretty vines crept up against the old walls in a vagrant, luxurious way; while the roof of red, half-round tiles extended a distance over the galleries, giving a wealth of strange barbaric color while leaving generous opening to the sky above.

Here Manoel fell upon the necks of Senhor, the host, Senhora, the hostess, and Senhorita, their daughter. They in turn fell upon Manoel's neck; and then they all fell upon each other's necks; but they were soon recovered and busy in their effusive Azorean hospitality, which always possesses the appearance of mighty effort but which in reality is full of subtle delays.

"Its just too sweet for anything!" was Hetty's continual exclamation as she sped from shadowy alcoba to alcoba, swung upon the ancient galleries, dabbled at the griffin-headed fountain, "shooed" the intrusive fowls of the court, made acquaintance with the huddled donkeys beside the stone kitchen, or had merry trials of strength with the grave and inquisitive goats.

Bob beamed upon the old patio; admiring its structural facilities for a tennis court. Miss Betsy Gamper prowled about and felt of all the linen sheets with portentious shaking of her head. Mrs Drugget insisted upon overlooking the preparations for supper. Mrs. Clingsly poked and made wry faces at all the iron crucifixes embedded in the alcoba walls, while Mr. Clingsly, walked dutifully behind her, closed his eyes, tapped his spectacle case and groaned whenever his spouse saw fit to grimace; and Slipson Cogleigh, reclining upon a capacious easy chair in the dappled sunlight and shadows of the gallery, felt the first smile of years creep over his wan face, as he watched the pleasant scene below and gave way to the languorous spell of balmy, bloom-laden airs which stole from quinta, vineyard and distant mountian groves.

And what a supper was at last set before those tired travelers in the center of that vine-embowered court.

There were slices of grilled Conger eels of mighty proportions. There were gallons of mysterious stew, flanked by steaming yams. There were mountains of corn meal bread. There were dainty patties of butter from the fair Azorean valleys, still rolled in the sweet white corn-husks in which the peasants had brought them. There were pyramids of oranges and stacks of honey, whose comb was as white as snow. There were loaves of bread yellow as saffron and long and huge as cord wood. Almost buried in all this munificence was a tremendous para vinho, or wine flagon of glass, filled with "passado," or the sweet wine of Fayal, with silver goblets at its side.

And there beside the travellers stood the host, a regular jaretta as to his eighteenth century dress, grandly conscious of his dignity in the possession of such sudden wealth of guests, goblet in hand, and waiting until Manoel had filled a goblet for each.

Then his courtly ceremonial: "May the peace of God be upon this house for you, strangers and friend!"

"Hear, hear!" was Bob's heartily given rejoinder.

"The same to you, you lovely old landlord!" merrily chimed in Hetty.

"Not so bad a place after all!" murmured the rest of the Cogleigh party.

But Manoel, true to his Azorean tradition and birth, replied with a fervent "Amen!" Whereupon they all fell to eating, for the time forgetting their respective miserable doubts and fears.

Pleasant as was the party's surroundings in the slumbrous old inn, Slipson Cogleigh's physical condition warranted all haste being made to the Valley of Furnas, which lies near the eastern extremity of the island of St. Michael, distant a picturesque journey, over fine, broad mountain highways of nearly thirty miles from Ponta Delgada.

Carriages are quite unknown in the island, save for city use, and donkeys are therefore required. Bob and Hetty, Miss Gamper, Mrs. Drugget, though not without serious protests and Mr. Clingsly could make the journey in the saddle; but Mr. Cogleigh could not, and Mrs. Clingsly would not.

The situation seemed a serious one; but good old Manoel had a softly-swung back door of escape out of every Azorean exigency; and a cavalcade of sixteen donkeys, a few for bearing the luggage packs, accompanied by two mischievous, curly headed, bare footed donkey boys, Mateito and Jose, bearing iron-pointed goads as large and long as hoe-handles, stood waiting the pleasure of the travelers within the verdure-hung inn court, on the morning settled upon for departure.

Four of the animals, in pairs, were curiously accoutred. A stout stick fastened between each two of the donkeys' heads, kept them a few feet apart, while holding them firmly together. A sort of double saddle extended the entire length of their short backs. At the front and rear of these contrivances, which resembled broad, flat crutch-tops, the ends or two strong timbers reaching from the back of one donkey to another, was securely lashed; and depending from these timbers by stout ropes was a broad, hammock-like, open, rush-woven sack.

It is in such primitive conveyances as those that the Azorean country folk, requiring hospital treatment, are brought to "da Misericordia" at Ponta Delgada; and it was in them that Slipson Cogleigh and the ponderous and rebellious Mrs. Clingsly were comfortably and safely conveyed from their city inn to the baths of Furnas.

To happy-hearted folk, like Bob and Hetty, Manoel, Mateito, and Jose, the journey could give but endlessly recurring pleasure and delight. The echoes of the last "Boa viagem!—boa viagem!" (Good voyage!—good voyage!) had hardly died away behind them in the shadowy city street, before Manoel began descanting upon the flora of the island, its fields, its homes, its peasant folk and its birds; and this kindly discourse was interestingly varied by curious sights and scenes along the pleasant way.

Here was a procession of donkeys ridden by peasant women, each cloaked and cowled, on their way to market, all manner of produce swaying from the wooden saddle-yokes. Now and then a lone donkey laden with water-casks plodded along companionless, with a pitiful look of responsibility on his gray old face. Piles of corn-leaves were heaped so high on other donkeys' backs that it seemed the country stacks were waltzing into the city upon invisible legs.

Bells jangled in a muffled way beneath the fodder. Bare footed country boys prodded the lazily moving mysteries viciously. A score of donkeys, laden with wheat and corn and fruit, in casks, panniers and boxes, came tripping and mincing along with one driver for the whole cavalcade. And whatever donkey or human was met, professional zeal upon the part of Mateito and Josie always found such vigorous expression in sundry thumpings whackings and proddings of the Cogleigh cattle, that the ladies often lost their dignity and sittings and filled the rocky canons with shrieks of laughter or of fear; until Manoel, stern and grave, would cry "Bastante!—bastante!" to the disturbing imps behind, and then descend and gently larrup them back along the stony way; from which sorties they ever returned with faces full of happy, roguish smiles.

Two nights were passed at strange old roadside inns, and early on the morning of the third day they reached the edge of the mountain plateau from which the broad lava road descended into the famous Valle das Furnas.

Here they halted and dismounted to view the glorious scene. They saw three thousand feet below, the extinct crater of some olden and inconceivably vast volcano, gradually retrieved by kindly nature through the ages from desolation to the fairest and most luxurious vale inhabited by man, and in its very center, the tiny clouds and puffings of steam where the pent up limitless cauldron below was still hissing and muttering of its latent presence and power.

The serrated edges of the surrounding mountains, the olden crater's jagged rim, were broken here and there by lesser valleys of wondrous symmetry, by natural cuttings in the lava through which wound estradas rivalling the Roman roads of old, by precipitous gorges and canons flecked by misty cascades, and by pockets and hollows in which they could catch glimpses of the gleaming surfaces of the silent lakes and shadowy tarns.

The heights were purple with heather, blending into masses of green where the firs stood thickly, merging into darker green over banks of bays, and shading into blue, or gold, or puce, as the lights or shadows played upon the matted lichens of the wilder and steeper sides; while innumerable streams, like sinuous lines of pearls, blended, crossed, separated and wound in fanciful ways within and through the lower levels.

Half an hundred peasant cabins could be counted from where they stood. Twice that number of goatherd paths, like delicate ribbons of pink, and lanes with blue or gray old walls half hidden behind masses of vines, interlaced the valley and mountain sides; and away down, down below, they saw the white walls, the red roofs, the single church dome, the long, straggling streets, and the paths with their plume-like vapors issuing from rumbling and pulsing caldeiras, of the quaintest old village in all the fair Azores.

Everywhere on the mountain sides were tiny herds of milk-white goats. To each animal was tied a bell of different tone. The flocks were being driven to their daily milking in the village. Barefooted goatherds sounded their musical pipes as they followed behind. From copse and hedge blackbirds and canaries, as if fired by elated rivalry, gave forth surpassing bursts of melody—hundreds upon hundreds of silvery bells, scores upon scores of joyous pipes, thousands upon thousands of voices of birds.

Until now the lovely vale had been asleep. But they saw an instant response to this marvelous matin-song. Issuing from the shadowy ways of the serene hamlet below, appeared scores upon scores of Furnas maidens, vestal-maids to do office before the priest of day. Each chirped or chanted her own best loved cantiga, and upon her shapely head was a ewer of brilliant red.

Her skirts were blue her bodice white. or pink, or yellow. Her feet and arms and head were bare. Her form was Hellenic. The sun, which swept above hoary Pico da Vara, never painted such vermillion as tinged her cheeks, or such crimson as parted from her flashing teeth.

Thus singing back to the herds, the birds and the morning, these witching water-carriers threaded the upward path to the fountains, while Manoel, Hetty, Bob and Slipson Cogleigh stood with bare heads and eager eyes before the entrancing scene; and the remainder of the party suffered twinges of pain lest this Eden-like peace and balm should witchingly banish poor Slipson Cogleigh's racking agonies and fade and equalize his thumping dichrotic pulse.

The grim vultures had not long to wait the crisis upon which their hopes depended.

Slipson Cogleigh had been "rubbed, soused and chucked," as kind-hearted Hetty had enthusiastically promised, until the prepondering uric acid in his feeble system rose up, as it were in raging revolt. He was hastily brought back from his seventh bath to his apartment in Geronimo's hotel, as described by Mrs. Drugget to the other relatives she encountered on their way to his bedside," in the agonies of articular mortice."

His sufferings must have indeed been very great for the sweat of pain stood out upon his forehead, and Mr. and Mrs. Clingsly, promptly on hand in the interests of the National Board of Heathen Helpers, with reticule before them, were seated at the table hastily drawing up his last will and testament.

Upon the balcony were Robert Forsyth and Hetty, the latter overwhelmed with deepest grief, and Bob, pale from apprehension and affectionate anguish, distraught between his attentions to his friend, the moanings of his wife, the venality of those who fluttered about the sick room and his own vigorous thumpings of his palm with his clenched fist, as though it were Slipson Cogleigh's torturers heads, all secured in convenient chancery.

Good old Manoel was singularly calm and bland for so serious a calamity. He supported his master tenderly in his arms moved him about as though he had been a child as his unbearable writhings followed in rapid succession, and gently ministered to him as best he could, while deferentially bowing to Miss Gamper, Mrs. Drugget and Mrs. Clingsly, as they appealed to each other or to him, but never to the sufferer, in their fierce and stormy battle over the terms of Slipson Cogleigh's will.

These were at last settled upon, and while Miss Gamper and Mrs. Drugget exchanged expressions of hope that "it would not last long," that such scenes were "very trying to the nerves," and that "poor Slipspn may be prepared for the great change," Mr. and Mrs. Clingsly rapidly completed the important instrument.

It had for many years been settled that Slipson Cogleigh had nothing to do at the end but to sign. As all those present were beneficiaries, disinterested witnesses must instantly be secured. A hasty conference followed and the quartet hurriedly left the room.

They were gone but a moment, but in that moment old Manoel had secured the sufferer's attention, had whispered a few earnest words in his ear, and when the conclave had returned they found their victim clutching piteously at his servant's neck and looking agonizedly into his calm and steadfast eyes.

"Quick, he's going!" excitedly cried Miss Betsy Gamper. Mrs. Drugget snatched the will from the table. She spread it across a book and thrust it before him. Betty Gamper brought his body to a sitting posture with a jerk, crowded the ready pen in his hand, clutched and held his shrivelled fingers, forced them down to their vital task and almost fiercely commanded:

"Now, sign!"

The helpless man looked dazedly at the group about him. He saw—for he could not see Bob and Hetty who had turned in loathing from the spectacle to determine upon some swift means of rescue and relief—four faces which the lust of greed had transformed to almost murderous fiendishness. Then with a moan he began to write:

"S-l-i-p—"

Up through the court of the half-Moorish hostel came a voice in tender, thrilling, melodious song:

"Este valle e minha terra,
E' minha terra natal,
Mas em bellezas que encerra,
No mundo nao tem rival!"

This my valley and my home-spot;
This my own, my native land;
Ah, the glories that begirt thee
In the world unrivalled stand!

It was the lute-like voice of Paquita Pereira, old Manoel's granddaughter—for Furnas was Manoel's birth spot—the pet and beauty of the village, matchless in contradanza and song; and this patriotic and pathetic Azorean ballad was Paquita's fanciful call to the aged servitor that he was wanted at the jasmine-hidden, half-ruined old quinta at the village edge among the bay trees, where his widowed daughter dwelt.

Whether a thrill of hope and determination came through the echoing corridors with the trill of Paquita's song, or whether Slipson Cogleigh's dichrotic pulse itself suddenly swung the unmanageable fingers from the pen, the latter was flung from his hand, while a look of grim satisfaction and pride stole into old Manoel's face.

Bob sprang into the room with scathing denunciations of the infamy being practiced, and with the threat that if all the participants did not instantly retire he would toss them from the balcony and turn them over to the Furnas officials afterwards; at which Manoel grasped his hand with inexpessible gratitude; the discomfited plotters filed sullenly out of the hotel to their near cottages; and Hety, more radiant than Bob had ever seen her, hugged and caressed her husband in a perfect whirlwind of excitement and joy, crying again and again:

"Bravo, for the man you are at last!"

"Can this poor tortured man be really cured, Manoel?" Bob almost breathlessly begged of the old servant.

"He is already nearly well. These intense sufferings begin his cure. See, he is already sleeping sweetly, despite the she-devils that have gone."

Here Bob and Hetty excitedly disappeared in each others arms.

"After the thirtieth bath," continued Manoel, "he will be as strong and well as you or I. Nearly all my life I have seen these things at Furnas and know them true."

"That settles it!" shouted Bob triumphantly.

"That settles it!—Hurah! hurah!" rapturously echoed Hetty.

Then followed a genuine conspiracy in Senhor Geronimo's inn; a conspiracy in which the landlord heartily entered, on payment of ample Azorean serrilhas; into which roguish Mateito and Jose, who still tarried at Furnas with their donkeys, on pledge of many other enticing serrilhas, were quickly drawn; into which Paquita, the beautiful and Ellera, her mother, entered lovingly with heart and soul; a conspiracy which comprised the hasty packing of luggage and other secret preparations; which caused mysterious lights to flash in and about the old quinta at the village edge, as for the reception of guests; and which as shortly after midnight a great clattering of donkey's hoofs rattled the village upward over the Ponta Delgada way, caused Mrs. Clingsly to turn to her spouse from troubled dreams and exclaim: "Chillilip Clingsly! I dreamed the Board had lost!" and Mr. Clingsly to respond: "Oh, bother! My dear, the Board never loses anything!" when peace again brooded upon watchers, hamlet and vale.

But the portents of the night had startling fulfillment when the Clingsleys, Miss Gamper and Mrs. Drugget gathered at the inn at an early hour of the next morning, and were met by the affable Senhor Geronimo with a sealed packet in his hand. Mr. Clingsly affrightedly broke the seal and four trembling heads instantly fluttered over the contents of the package.

"Merciful goodness! Says they are all gone for a year's stay at Carlsbad!" gasped Betty Gamper.

"A letter of credit for twenty thousand serrilhas," whimpered Mrs. Clingsly, "on condition we immediately return home and remain there! Chillilip Clingsly, I told you the Board was done for!"

"You certainly did, my dear; but the return steamer tickets are all right;" suggested her more calculating husband soothingly.

"And I'm never to see my Hetty again, unless I quiet down like a lady and stay quiet! That's the work of that brute of a son-in-law!" groaned Mrs. Drugget.

"What? shrieked Betty Gamper. "Signed by—"

"Slipson Cogleigh!" they all echoed in indignation and dismay.

"Oh, what shall we do, Mr. Geronimo?" they at last appealed to Senhor.

"Its not my difficulty, ladies;" he shruggingly but politely replied. "But we have fleet donkeys and wise donkey-boys. If you shall start within the hour, they shall set you down at the inn where you tarried in Ponta Delgada, no more than ten hours behind the cattle of Mateito and Josie, who are not the best of muleteers. What shall be your pleasure?"

Because in it was a single strand of hope, hardly their pleasure but still their united purpose was for swift and instant pursuit.

True to Geronimo's pledge they were not ten hours behind the donkeys of Mateito and Josie in arriving at the slumbrous Ponta Delgada inn. Here its courtly old master, previously warned by Manoel, after calling down a myriad blessings and regrets, told them of a mysterious sailing of a packet for Nantes, on that very day; dilated upon the loneliness and helplessness of strangers in the island, and eloquently discoursed upon the opportunity at that moment presented of returning to their homes on the outgoing steamer which had brought them; and, having got them all snugly on board, while waving them gracious "Boa viagems!" innumerable, repeatedly made the sign of the cross for absolution from his perjury, with prayers for perpetual deliverance from such estrangeiros as those.

All of this being but a little time ago, there is wondrous happiness in certain quarters of the serene hamlet of Furnas. The old quinta has been transformed as by magic into the new and beautiful villa of Grena. Its endlessly joyful guests are Robert and Hetty Forsyth. Its proud and radiant servitors are Ellena and wise old Manoel. Its mistress, most beautiful and songful of all beauteous Azorean women, is Paquita; and its master is one who left a dichrotic pulse for a life of love and hope and peace in the baths of that fair, far valley, where "the glories that begirt it in the world unrivaled stand!"

Sells & Rentfrow.

The Grand Rapids (Mich.) Leader of July 18, has this to say regarding the performance of Sells & Rentfrow's circus which comes to Rockford on Monday next.

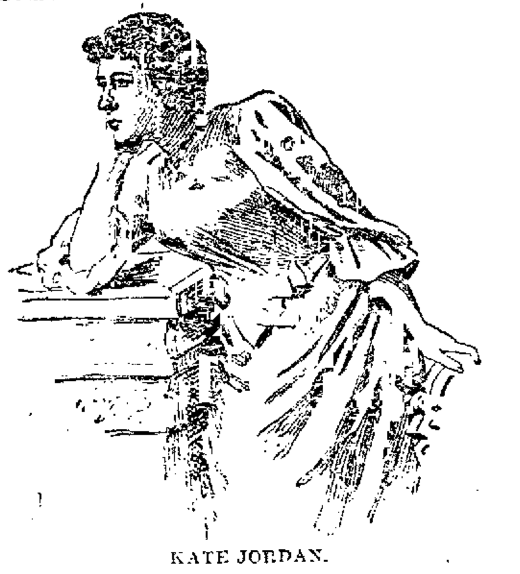
It was a very large crowd that attended the circus performance given by Messrs. Sells & Rentfrow last evening. Fully 3,500 people occupied the seats and filled every portion of the main tent and departed at the close of the entertainment well satisfied with the exhibition they had witnessed. The character of the entire show from beginning to end, in every department, is pleasing and above reproach. Mr. Rentfrow, who is a citizen of Grand Rapids and well known here, and his associate, Wm. Sells, the renowned rider and showman, are both gentlemen of pleasing personality and honorable business methods, and they have surrounded themselves with an excelent corps of employees.

"UNCUT LEAVES."

A New and Fascinating Form of Literary Entertainment.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 30.—It is a queer name which is given to a form of literary entertainment which has been very popular in some of the larger cities of the country. It is called "uncut leaves," and that name is suggested by the fact that at each of these entertainments a number of authors read from their own unpublished works. They are at liberty to select whatever they choose. Some of them have read chapters from incomplete novels, testing in that way the strength or probable popularity of the work. Others have read short stories—sketches which they have not as yet put into type.



KATE JORDAN.

There is of course the fascination of mystery to account for some of the interest which these entertainments have awakened, since there is always curiosity to read or hear about the work which an author of repute is preparing for publication. But there is another element which has made these entertainments successful, and that is due to the personality of the authors themselves.

Sometimes there are great surprises, and this happened recently at an "uncut leaves" entertainment in New York city. There were present and in a building where the social aristocracy of New York is accustomed to meet during the winter for what are called the "higher social functions" a considerable number of those who represent the literary culture of New York. It was announced that Miss Kate Jordan and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett were to read from some of their "uncut leaves;" that Gilbert Parker was to read a story of Canadian life; Mr. J. T. Barry was to give a selection from his own manuscript, and also to read a number of poems written by a young man who has recently been set before the public through the praises of Mr. Howells, and whose poems are soon to be published. Hamlin Garland was also announced as a probable reader, and it was expected that Mr. Howells, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Mrs. Burton Harrison would be present, although not as readers.

Miss Jordan's selection was from a story of German life in the great east side in New York, and it made a decidedly favorable impression. Miss Jordan has not yet turned out anything from her pen that is in the slightest degree trivial or light. She always writes for a purpose, and there are heart and soul and feeling in everything she produces. Some of her short stories for the American Press Association are artistic gems. In a recent competition of 12 short story writers in Lippincott's Magazine she won the prize by popular vote. Miss Jordan is young, handsome and ambitious—a rising and brilliant literary star.

Mrs. Burnett read extracts from a new story which she is preparing, but it seemed to those who heard her as though she was not in the best of health, for her reading did not impress those who were present as favorably as some of her stories have done. Mr. Parker, however, caused much surprise and the most enthusiastic applause. He was revealed as even a more brilliant and fascinating reader than writer. Mr Parker is a young man who chose as the field for his romances and short stories that hitherto mystic country in upper Canada and in the region of Hudson bay which had, until his pen did it, never been painted by the romancer. His earlier short stories were accepted eagerly by the editors of the magazines, who rejoiced in what they called a new "find," and for the past three or four years his pen has been a very busy one, with stories appearing both in English and American magazines, and after translation winning high praise from the critics of France. He has recently returned from a trip to Mexico, where he has been studying local color and gathering materials for a romance of that country. He lived for a time in the antipodes, and one of his most exciting stories is a sketch of Australian life.

The litterateurs of New York who have recently met Mr. Parker found him utterly free from the affectations and self conscious mannerisms which have marred the pleasure of meeting some others of the younger school of fiction writers. He does not even suggest the accomplished litterateur in speech or manner, but might rather be looked upon as a patient desk man in some newspaper office or quiet clerk of a bank.

But when Mr. Parker began to read from his own stories he was changed as completely as is an actor who in private life is a man of quiet habit and upon the stage becomes intensely dramatic. He read with thrilling power one of his Canadian stories, and the audience could almost feel the chill of the arctic atmosphere and almost see his characters as he depicted them by speech. Cable has something of this power. Mark Twain has the capacity of humorous suggestion when reading, and Whitcomb Riley can draw tears or smiles at will. But Parker has the picturing faculty, which is perhaps the rarest quality of a public reader.

There was another surprise for this company of cultured litterateurs when several of the poems of Stephen Crane were read by Mr. Barry. People asked, "Who is Stephen Crane?" but there were some in that company who knew that in a recent article Mr. Howells had praised Crane's work as he has praised the work of no new man [illegible], and that Mr. Howells would give his formal approval by way of introductory note to the volume of poems of this young man which is soon to be published.

Mr. Barry read the poems with delightful elocution, suggesting their perfect rhythmical quality, although they are not arranged in metrical form. If the opinion of those who heard the poems is a just one, they are likely to suggest high talent when they are published.

Stephen Crane is a New York lad, for he is scarcely more than a lad, who plunged into the miseries of tenement life in New York and associated with the tramps and the outcasts for many months so that he might see them as they are and paint them thus. Mr. Howells has said that in the single book which Crane has written he has revealed a power of realism, a capacity to paint with almost brutal force and directness, which suggests much of the power of Tolstoi.

E. J. EDWARDS.

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Address all remittances and communications to

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT,
Editor and Publisher.

AFTER ELECTION.

Mr. Hemenway is elected, by a majority of 53 votes in a total of 1887. It is the largest vote, and the closest one, ever cast at a school election in this city. Last year the vote was 1705, and Mr. Leech was elected by two to one. Year before last the vote was only 1[illegible]0, and Dr. Gregg had more than two to one. Three years ago the vote was 1253, and Mr. Humphrey was elected by nearly four to one. Mr. Hemenway had his organization well perfected, and worked hard at the polls all day. If energetic work and good political management are to be taken into account, he deserved the success he has achieved, and we congratulate him heartily.

The GAZETTE had two objects in view in opposing Mr. Hemenway's candidacy: first, to arouse the public interest in our schools, and second, to change the policy of the board in so far as it has neglected the grade schools for the High school, and home teachers for foreign. In the first, we have certainly succeeded; in the second, we do not know that we have failed. Certainly the board, after more than 900 votes have been cast against their policy in these two respects, will be wise to regard the protest of a minority which falls so very little short of a majority. They will, we hope, utilize the High school to the full extent of its capacity, and find some way of abolishing at least the north annex; and they will also, we hope, give some encouragement to home teachers by promoting them when they deserve it, and by putting none but Americans on guard."

Mr. Matthews certainly has reason to be proud of the vote he received against so popular a man and so good a political worker and organizer as Mr. Hemenway. Mr. Hemenway has reason to be proud of the personal endorsement he has received by so large a vote.

So far as we know, there is no hard feeling and no bitterness left as a result of this election. It was not a personal contest, but a contest of principle and policy. The motives of neither side have been impugned, at any rate publicly, and the whole contest has been one of the most good-natured, as well as the closest on record. The majority have signified their endorsement of Mr. Hemenway, and we cheerfully bow to their decision, and shall support him, as well as the other members of the board, in every move that seems to us to be for the public good.

The school board is a public body. Their meetings are, or should be, public. They deserve praise when they act for the public good, and censure when they do not. It is a legitimate function of the newspaper to publish their proceedings, and also to criticise them, either favorably or otherwise, according to their action. This function we do not propose to abdicate. We hope their future action may call for nothing but praise; but they should be held to as strict an account as any other public body, their proceedings should be as open as those of any other public body, and they should make their reports, financial and otherwise, to the electors, as carefully and fully as any other public body. We desire that our schools should be as good as it is possible to make them, that all our children should have an equal chance; and we see no good reason why the present board should not be entirely successful in giving us a substantially what we want.

ANARCHISM RAMPANT.

The riots at Cleveland are an eloquent commentary on Mr. Wolcott's speech in the Senate the other day. It is certainly high time that the right of every man to work for his living should be defended, by public sentiment always, by force if necessary. It portends little good to republican institutions when a howling mob of foreigners can virtually take possession of an American city, and forcibly compel hundreds of American men to stop work. It is evident that we have now forced upon us a problem which for many years has agitated Europe—the problem of what to do with the men who will not work themselves nor let others work, and who regard all government as organized oppression.

At the beginning of the Coxey movement, it was evident that whatever danger there was in it lay rather in the encouragement it would give to the lawless and anarchistic elements of the community, than in anything the Coxeyites themselves were likely to do. And there is a good deal of this element in the various Coxey gangs. Repeatedly and in various parts of the country these men have been offered work. In every case the offer has been contemptuously refused. These men do not want work. What they do want, we think they hardly know themselves, but apparently their desire is to be taken care of at the expense of the government—that is, at the expense of the individual taxpayers of the nation.

Something of the same spirit is manifested in almost every strike that occurs in every part of the country. The very word "strike" has come to mean, not quitting work, but taking possession of property and by force preventing men who wish to work from earning their living. This is the spirit that has been shown at Cripple Creek, in the Coeur d'Alene, in a dozen railroad strikes that could be named.

It is time for a practical application of the old Bible truth, that if a man will not work neither shall he eat. It is an outrage on American labor that gangs of imported Poles, Hungarians and Italians should band together to prevent American men from earning their living. This is just what has happened in Cleveland; it is what happened a few weeks ago in the coke regions of Pennsylvania; it is what will happen with increasing frequency if such demonstrations are not put down with the strong hand.

We want no permanent proletariat in this country, and if we know the temper of the American people, such a thing will not be permitted.

It seems to us that conservative Populists and there are a good many Populists who mean well should reflect that the logical outcome of their doctrines is the formation of just such a permanent proletariat as destroyed Rome and has convulsed France more than once. Extreme paternalism in government leads directly to the support at government expense of hundreds of thousands of men who will not work—and government expense means the expense of those who will and do work.

The laws of this country depend for their enforcement on public sentiment backed by action when necessary. Our theory is that the rule of the majority is just, in the long run, and that the majority are intelligent and law-abiding, and, if necessary, law-enforcing. It is time for this majority to act. If we cannot repress deliberate pauperism, theft, anarchism by our present methods, then we must have new methods or go to everlasting smash. Already the European papers are predicting the downfall of our republic from these forces of disintegration. We do not believe in their predictions, for we do believe in the virtue of the majority of the American people; but unless that virtue makes itself evident and aggressive there is danger; and the longer we wait the greater the danger becomes.

BROADMOOR

It would be nothing less than a public misfortune if the Broadmoor Casino were to remain closed for the summer. There is nothing in the surroundings of our city which is more attractive to our summer visitors than the Casino. The beauty of the building and grounds, the freshness of the air, the excellence of the music, and not least the beauty of the drive there and back, combine to make it a most delightful place. We believe it is a good thing for any city to have a pleasure resort of this kind; and we believe also that the more people participate in its pleasures, the better it is for everybody.

It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we endorse the movement that is now in progress to open it for the summer on a broader basis than heretofore—to make of it, in short, a sort of municipal enterprise. If a not too expensive, but still very good orchestra can be secured, if the dining room be managed economically, and if the price of admission be placed, for four or five days in the week, at a sum that will make it a really popular resort, we believe it can be made to pay its expenses. If it is thought desirable, one or two days in the week can be reserved for subscribers, but the more popular it is made, the better will be its chances of financial success, and the more pleasure it will afford to the people generally.

The enterprise is in good hands and we believe it will be carried out successfully. No man in town who can at all afford it, can make a better investment of his money than by helping to make a success of this excellent institution.

CONCERNING RATIOS.

We see that some papers and persons that claim to be for bimetallism are talking about a ratio of coinage of 32 to 1. It is a little early to be talking about the ratio as yet; it will be better to wait until the principle itself is fully acknowledged. But the idea of a ratio of 32 to 1 is too ridiculous to be considered for a moment. For a hundred years the ratio of 15½ to 1 was maintained by the Latin Union, and even the gold monometallists on the Royal commission of 1888 agreed that that ratio could be maintained again by an international agreement among the leading nations. No student of the subject will dare to assert that it is necessary, in order to maintain the parity of the two metals, to adopt a ratio based on their present market value.

We are not of those who insist on "16 to 1 or nothing." If we could get free coinage at even 20 to 1, we think it would be better to take that than to have the present state of affairs continue. At the same time, with the present tremendously increased production of gold, both in this country and South Africa, and with the incalculable impetus that would be given to silver by an international agreement to use it as full money of redemption, we fully believe that a ratio of 16 to 1, or even of 15½ to 1, could easily be maintained.

But the ratio, within reasonable limits, is a question of detail which is comparatively unimportant beside the recognition of the principle of bimetallic free coinage. Let us once get an international agreement which recognizes silver, at some reasonable ratio, as the full monetary equal of gold, and after while the ratio will adjust itself. The principle is the main thing, and if we can once get that acknowledged, it will be a splendid victory.

"AMERICA FOR AMERICANS"

The declaration of principles made by the A. P. A. at their meeting in Des Moines is one which every patriotic American can at least in part endorse. The further restriction of immigration is made more obviously necessary by the occurrences of every month, if not of every week. The necessity of requiring a longer period of residence before naturalization, and restricting the right to vote to those who are citizens, is even more apparent. We heartily agree with the demand of the A. P. A. that seven years' residence be required before foreigners are allowed to vote.

In so far as any foreign church threatens our American institutions, and especially our public schools, we are also in sympathy with the declarations of the A. P. A. We do not agree with them, however, in pronouncing indiscriminate judgment on all Roman Catholics as under foreign domination. We believe that the majority of the members of that church in this country are as loyal Americans as any of us, and would resist any attempt, if one were to be made, at foreign domination of American institutions.

The organization did wisely in making such a public declaration of its principles. The ends it aims at are entirely patriotic, and there is need of some organization to press the necessity of shutting off a large proportion of the immigrants who now come to our shores, and insisting on a reasonably long period of residence, before giving to foreigners the right to vote. If the A. P. A. can do these things, it will accomplish a great public service.

The bimetallic conference that has been in session in London during the past week has attracted a good deal of attention both in this country and abroad. It has been addressed by men who are noted throughout the financial world, all of whom have dwelt on the necessity of restoring silver to its monetary use. One of the most notable features of its proceedings was the receipt of the telegram from a number of United States Senators, all of whom, we believe, voted for the repeal bill last summer, but who heartily favor bimetallic coinage by international agreement. Among those who sent this telegram were Senators Sherman, Allison, Hoar, Lodge, Aldrich, Hill, Murphy, Gorman, Platt, Brice, Carey, Frye and Cullom. There are a number of French delegates present, and they are as much in favor of bimetallism as the French have always been. Although this conference is not official, in the sense of having any binding force on the action of governments, it will undoubtedly do much good in stirring up the supporters of bimetallism everywhere, and may lead, indirectly if not directly, to some action by the governments of Europe in favor of the free coinage of silver.

The meeting of the American Protective Association at Des Moines is a decidedly important one. One feature of the A. P. A. platform is certainly worthy of endorsement—the demand that more stringent regulations be made for the restriction of immigration. It is understood that the order is preparing a public declaration of principles. This is a sensible move. If the organization should come out openly and boldly and acknowledge its principles and its membership in the light of day, one objection to it that is serious in the eyes of a great many people would be removed.

The Coliseum project is now almost an assured success. It has been taken hold of by the right men, in the right way, and we have no doubt that by next August we shall have a building in this city entirely suitable for large conventions. Such a building will be, not merely an ornament to our city, but a great addition to its revenue. We are just beginning to realize the possibilities of this place as a convention city. They are much greater than those of any other place in the State, and we should certainly make the most of them.

We are informed by Major Insley that the chief quartermaster of the United States army has recommended that the horses needed for the use of the army in the Department of Colorado be bought in this city. There is no reason to expect unfavorable action on his recommendation, and the probabilities are that Colorado Springs will be recognized as the great horse market of the whole Rocky Mountain region. For this, as for the Coliseum, our city has to thank Major Insley more than any other man. He is a mighty good man to have for a citizen.

The Cripple Creek contingent of Coxey's army are stranded at Pueblo. There is not the slightest chance that they will get the railroad to give them free passage across the plains, and there is nothing attractive in the prospect of walking to the Missouri river. Their stay in Pueblo will depend upon the patience and charity of the people there, who already have enough demands upon their charity. The best thing for General Sanders and his army is to walk back to Cripple Creek.

We devote considerable space this morning to an enterprise which is being actively pushed by our neighbors and friends at Colorado City. The theoretical question of whether there is oil and natural gas at Colorado City has been often and vigorously discussed with no satisfactory results. Now the matter is being determined by actual experiments—the best possible way. The work so far leads to the conclusion that a good chance exists for finding something, and the matter is of so great importance that the determination of the question one way or another seems abundantly worth while. A great deal of credit is certainly due to those who are taking hold of this enterprise, and we all join in very best wishes for their success.

Ex-President Harrison's friends are at a great deal of trouble to explain that he will and that he will not be a candidate for the Republican nomination, but all such talk is entirely useless. In some respects General Harrison made a very satisfactory President and might do so again, but he will not get the nomination. Cleveland was nominated for a second term after an interval. It was the first time the American people tried that experiment, and they will never do it again.

"The President's tariff bill" is the third bill that has been before the Senate since the beginning of the tariff debate. Like its predecessor the "Whisky and Sugar Trust bill," it differs very widely from the measure that preceded it. The most ordinary common sense would require that it be considered in detail from the beginning all over again; and the Republican Senators should insist on this course of procedure.

The appointment of Senator Israel as United States marshal for the District of Colorado is one that will be generally commended. Probably no better Democrat could have been found in the State for the position. Senator Israel has had considerable experience in public affairs, and has a host of friends who are by no means limited to his own party.

What sort of a bill the amended tariff bill has become is indicated by something that Senator Voorhees said in the Senate last Monday. We quote from the Congressional Record: "Sir, while I am on my feet I may as well as at another time say that I have made all the concessions in the direction of trusts and to the great protected industries that I shall make. I have gone the limit."

The hotel men's convention meets in Denver this morning, and the gathering may be expected to benefit the State in the same way that other conventions have done. The larger part of the delegates passed through this city at an early hour this morning. Later on they will have an opportunity to inspect its attractions.

The riot in the Connellsville coke region on Thursday is another illustration of the necessity of putting a stop to the domination of American labor by self-constituted dictators, many of whom are foreigners, and, if we may judge of their actions, anarchists as well.

Another proof of the strength of the silver sentiment in the United States is afforded by the address issued by a committee of prominent business men in Chicago. Western silver men will do well to welcome support, wherever it comes from.

Senator Allen is becoming a good deal of a nuisance with his numerous Coxey resolutions; but anything that puts off the passage of the tariff bill is *ipso facto* a good thing, and we should be glad to have Mr. Allen occupy the whole time of the Senate from now until October.

The most important question in Kentucky to-day is, "Shall Breckenridge be re-elected?" It is hard to tell which is the more amazing, the presumption of the candidate or the moral blindness of his supporters.

The Ute reservation bill passed in a more satisfactory form than was anticipated. It will open many thousands of acres of agricultural land to settlement, and will make the reservation a better shape than it is now.

It is worthy of note that only half a dozen people were present at the High school at 8 o'clock last night, when the school district meeting was called. The interest seemed to have been exhausted in voting.

We don't think the Garfield annexes have got much of an endorsement.

It was Mr. Hemenway's personal work and popularity that elected him.

Taxpayers are reminded of the fact that the tax schedules are now ready and Assessor Irvine will be pleased to have them call and fill up the blanks. It will save work and trouble.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

HUMANE SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting was Held Yesterday Afternoon.

SECRETARY HILL'S REPORT.

Hot Shot for the Tail Dockers—Bird Feathers and Bonnets—Pigeon Shooters and Closed Coursing Condemned.

The annual meeting of the El Paso County Humane Society was held yesterday afternoon at Trinity church.

Officers were elected as follows: E. A. Colburn, president; Dr. J. A. Hart, vice president; George R. Buckman, treasurer; F. B. Hill secretary; trustees, Mrs. Goddard Mrs. Touzalin, Mrs. Slocum, Mrs. Solly, Mrs. L. L. Taylor, Dr. D. T. Frinde, veterinary surgeon.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of $781.30 on hand.

Secretary F. B. Hill submitted his report which the meeting voted to ask the newspapers to print. It is as follows:

Colorado Springs, Colo., May 7, 1894.

I beg to submit the following report for the period from May 6, 1892, to May 6, 1894. The annual meeting was not held in 1893, in consequence of the serious illness of the secretary:

Number of complaints lodged	96
Cruelty to animals	47
Cruelty to children	21
Horses ordered out of harness	57
Official warnings issued	28
Animals killed	6
Miscellaneous cases	13
Found homes for girls	2
Girls sent to the Home of the Good Shepherd	4
Cases in court	16

Twelve of which were won and four lost.

The worst case of cruelty to animals was the finding by our agent of a poor old horse tied in a deserted cabin at Cripple Creek, left there to die of starvation. The animal was put out of its misery, but the perpetrator of the dastardly deed could not be found. The most common cases are the using in harness of lame and old poor or galled horses.

The membership has decreased during the past year, owing no doubt to the hard times, and the very numerous calls on the pockets of the citizens. We trust, however, that all our old members will gladly pay the $2 dues for the coming year; if not, we can only conclude that the interest of our citizens in humane work has waned. Although the number of cases on record for the past two years is not large, yet the influence of the society has been strongly felt, whilst its existence has undoubtedly been a factor for good in the county. Some heinous cases have been investigated and brought before the court, which would otherwise have escaped notice.

Cripple Creek comes under our jurisdiction, but as the field appears to be so large it seems advisable that an independent society be organized supported by the inhabitants of that district. We have an agent there, without salary, and our general agent for the county, Mr. C. B. Williams, occasionally visits the district at our expense; but it is impossible to do the work in this way, as it ought to be done. Whilst gratefully acknowledging the work which our Catholic sisters have accomplished in the management of the Home of the Good Shepherd in Denver without which there would be no place for the reclamation of wayward girls, yet we trust that the state will before long take this matter under its own care and provide an industrial school for girls similar to the state institution for boys.

Seeing that all appeals to the better nature of those who apparently take pleasure in using live birds for a target were of no avail, an endeavor was made to pass a law making such a practice criminal, but although well supported, the attempt failed; the time will surely come, however, when Colorado will take its stand with the more enlightened and humane states in the suppression of this barbarous amusement, which every true sportsman would scorn to call sport. The definition of the word sport is "the diversion of the field, such as hunting, fowling and fishing." The animals hunted being wild in their native haunts, necessitates considerable muscular exertion on the part of the hunter; such fatigue not being relished by some would-be-called-sportsmen, the odious battue has been adopted where tame pheasants can be butchered at leisure; and instead of "coursing," inclosed meetings," or as they are called here, "coursing matches," have been substituted, where the dogs pursue a tame rabbit down a fenced race. There is more money in this sort of thing, for the betting man. An authority says: "The real sport of coursing can only be obtained at the open meetings; * * * inclosed meetings are in favor with those who prefer the ease and comfort obtained from commencing the day some time between 11 and 12 and finishing at 4, whilst all the courses run, can be witnessed from a grand stand. At the inclosed meetings the betting, as a rule, is far higher than where the coursing takes places in the open country, where the slipper and dogs have to be followed from one end of the day to the other, for this would be far too much work for the ordinary betting man."

It gives me great pleasure to state, on the authority of Mr. Vidler, the secretary, that the Altcar Coursing club has decided not to hold any more "inclosed meetings." This society has never interfered with any true sport, but when a coyote with a broken leg is turned out to be worried to death by hounds, as happened here some years ago, or when a tame rabbit is let loose to be instantly torn to pieces, as occurred here last season, at a so-called "hunt," it is surely time for every humane person to express most emphatically disapprobation and disgust.

This report would not be complete without the annual protest against the abominably cruel practice of docking horses' tails. In order to gratify a vain and idle whim the beautiful animal is mutilated for life, and deprived of its only means of defense from an intolerable torment to which human beings would succumb in madness. To such an extent does this practice prevail, and such a hold has it on the ideas of a certain "set" that we know of a person in this city who at one time was loud in denouncing the act, but after all, appeared driving his horse docked! He had to be in the swim, you know. Will not the women help us? If every woman worthy of the tender associations of the name would refuse to drive behind or use under the saddle such maimed and disfigured animals, and if every humane person would patronize those stables only where the docking of horses' tails is not favored, the foolish fashion would soon die out. The practice is condemned by the veterinary surgeons both of this country and of England, and in the latter the purchase of dock-tail horses for the army is prohibited. Every humane society in the world condemns it, and surely every truly humane person, who regards the whole animal creation as "our earth-born companions and fellow-mortals," must also condemn it. If the women fair us, let us try ridicule. Offer $15 or $20 for the best satire in rhyme throwing the most ridicule on those who delight in dock-tailed horses. Set it to some catchy tune; teach the boys to sing it; hire a band to play it. The Massachusetts society uses the kodak in taking pictures of the mutilated animals and their owners, which they propose to publish. What an interesting collection could be made in Colorado Springs! Last week I saw a broncho closely docked, and its mane and forelock shaved off; a more hideous beast it would be hard to conceive. What if the cowboys should become dudes! This society offers $50 reward for evidence that will convict of the deed.

Notwithstanding the boasted culture of our city, it seems that a good deal has yet to be done in the way of inculcating the humane idea and of educating the young people along the lines of gentleness and kindness to all God's creatures. Who is not glad to see the beautiful pert robin skipping about the lawn, scolding with its cheery twitter, especially busy at this season, being intent on courtship or fully occupied with the labor necessary to establish a home; yet a number of Colorado Springs boys, old enough to know better, go about with murderous purpose, armed with their catapults, maiming and killing the bonny harbingers of spring. What sort of people can the parents of these boys be who permit such wanton slaughter? It is evident we have not yet outgrown the old savage instinct to kill something, but we hope that this little appeal for the birds may have some effect.

For the benefit of women who use birds in the bonnets, I draw attention to May Riley Smith's beautiful little poem, called "Dead Birds and Easter," and quote one verse:

"What does it cost, this garniture of death?
It costs the life that God alone can give;
It costs dull silence where was music's breath,
It costs [illegible] that [illegible] foolish [illegible] may live,
[illegible]
And costly [illegible] for a woman's bonnet!"

We sincerely hope that our Western women will never adopt the live lizard craze.

FRANCIS B. HILL,
Secretary.

Kieff as the Russian Capital

It is stated that the Czar, upon medical advice, has determined to make his permanent home in Kieff. The London Spectator writes with regard to this contemplated change: The population of Russia, for nearly a generation, has been slipping southward, in search of cultivable soil, and the living forces of the Empire are now far nearer to Kieff and the Dnieper than to the Neva and St. Petersburg. If to these reasons the argument of health is added, we can well believe that the Czar has decided on a permanent change of residence, and if he has he must also have decided on a permanent change of capital. He cannot live twenty years away from the administrative center. The foreign ambassadors, the great departments, the men who govern Russia must attend the sovereign; and if they attend him, they must, for convenience' sake, as well as for the sake of their own dignity, begin to build. There is ample room on the Dnieper for a great city, plenty of stone procurable, as the ancient monuments attest, and a supply of labor at least as abundant as that which maintains St. Petersburg. There is no historic prejudice to be offended, for Kieff is far more nearly connected with Russian history than St. Petersburg; and no religious opposition to be feared, for Russian religious feeling, so far as it has a center turns toward Constantinople rather than toward St. Petersburg which is indeed far too modern for any sentiment of the kind. It is quite possible therefore if the Czar lives, and finds that Kieff suits his constitution and his children's, that the old city on the Dnieper may develop into a stately capital, the seat of Government, and the focus of the railway system of the Empire.

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A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

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Tortured [illegible] Disfiguring [illegible]

[illegible] which [illegible] nently [illegible] REMEDIES [illegible]

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Complexion, hands and hair preserved, purified and beautified by Cuticura Soap.

Pain is the cry of a suffering nerve. Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster is the first and only pain-killing plaster.

FIRST CLASS
Service in every particular, and all meals in dining cars, via Rock Island.

THE ELECTION.

Mr. Hemenway Defeated Mr. Matthews for School Trustee.

IT WAS A SPIRITED CONTEST.

More Votes Cast Than at any School Election Ever Held in the City—Other Local News—A Regular Meeting of the Council.

The election of school trustee for District 11, Colorado Springs, resulted in the election of Mr. Alvaro Hemenway over Albert Matthews by a vote of 985 to 902. The total vote cast was 1,887. It was the prettiest little fight over school committeeman ever indulged in by this peaceful little bailiwick. The vote was the largest ever cast in a similar election.

For some days the Hemenway supporters have been claiming the election by an overwhelming majority, and that they believed it was shown by the fact that their confidence came near costing them dear. The polls were opened in the High school building at 9 o'clock, the board acting as a board of election. In the morning hours there did not seem to be a great deal of interest, and most of the vote cast was from the upper part of the city. It was pretty certain that this was largely for Mr. Hemenway, and this was proved to be true when the ballots were taken out of the box, as they naturally came out first, and could be spotted. At this time the friends of Mr. Matthews had done very little work, and had no organization to speak of. Ex-Alderman Gillingham hove in sight about this time, and started out to get some Matthews carriages on the street. Banners were painted, and shortly after dinner both sides had vehicles running on the streets properly tabbed. Some private carriages were also brought into requisition, but not as many as last year. They were a strange array, from the little old bay horse of Alderman Dunbar, Gillingham's mare, and Mr Hemenway's delivery wagons to a stylish dog cart painted blue. If the rigs were a medley the people were as much so. The society ladies came up in their carriages, and did not disdain to peddle votes; the business men rushed in and away with imprecations on the duty of citizenship which took so much time; the festive mining brokers came up with their white hats, like the leisurely gentlemen they are; the colored men and women came almost in a body; many women did not disdain to pack their servant girls in their carriages and vote with them, and many families came together. It was a sight for an Easterner which would have thrown many of them into "conniption" fits at the lost social condition of Colorado.

Along about 3 o'clock some enterprising [illegible] swooped down on Tejon street and Pike's Peak avenue and brought in the [illegible] [illegible] and it was pretty well known that if they had the settling of the thing Mr. Matthews would go in with a whoop. The Hemenway advocates began to realize that "things is changed since Sarah died." This kept up for about two hours, and faces that had been wreathed in smiles since morning could easily have been used for yard sticks. Had the polls been closed at 4:30 no doubt Mr. Matthews would have been elected by a big vote, but the Hemenway people arose to the emergency, and got a hustle on themselves in time to save the day.

The election certainly took some strange turns and verified the old adage, that "politics makes strange bedfellows"—if school elections are politics. It was alleged by the Matthews supporters that Mr. Hemenway had the support of the entire Methodist congregation, the Baptists and most of the Congregationalists, and the colored people. On the other hand, it was alleged that Matthews had the support of the A. P. A., the Roman Catholics and the West Side solid. That the colored folks did vote solidly for Mr. Hemenway is quite certain, as they all came about the same time and refused to take Matthews tickets from the peddlers. Perhaps this was accounted for by a hard worker who came up where a Gazette reporter was sitting, and made the remark: "I fixed that negro vote all right." He did not offer any explanations as to how it was done.

There were many very laughable occurrences during the day. Some unfortunate Hemenway driver went over on the West Side and loaded up with a lot of women, but when they got over to the polls they all cast Matthews ballots. The driver did not want to take them home again, but the women insisted, and, as usual, came out ahead, for they went back in the same rigs.

It is quite certain that more outside matters cut a figure in the election than ever before in a school election. Nearly a majority of those who voted declared that as between the two men they had no preference but were whetting their knives on them as a way of reaching others directly or indirectly connected with school matters. Some made the excuse that The Gazette had waged a guerrilla warfare on Mr. Hemenway, and they wanted to get in their work on it. Some declared that they believed Mr. Humphrey was in favor of Matthews, and they were "agin em." One poetical person said: "I am in love with that beautiful High school auditorium, and will vote for the men who built it." Alderman Finegan sized it up "that the working men are for a change, and they don't give a d—n whether it is for better or for worse." It was generally agreed at the close, however, that the Evening Telegraph's support of Mr. Hemenway had been nearly fatal.

Many people waited anxiously to hear the returns which were not known until about 9 o'clock. There were not many expressions of regret, as it was generally felt that the real end had been gained, and the people have been aroused to the necessity of better accommodations for the school children generally, no matter what the sacrifice may be in the way of tax-paying. The Gazette received many compliments on the result, as it almost alone bore the fight up to yesterday afternoon. It has been a good fight, and nobody is hurt, while much good may result.

CITY COUNCIL.

A Busy Session Last Evening—Firemen Selected.

At the meeting of the City Council last evening all members were present excepting Mr. Leech.

The city attorney called attention to the fact that at least one of the policemen elected at the last meeting had been elected by only five votes, which was not legal.

The resignation of C. F. Taylor as a member of the police force was presented and upon motion accepted.

An invitation was presented by G. A. R. Post 22, asking the council to participate in the Decoration Day exercises. The invitation was accepted by vote.

Voters and tax-payers asked that a water main be extended north from High street. Referred to the water committee.

The petitions of the druggists of the city asking each for a liquor license were presented. Each was accompanied by bond and petition of property owners.

Dr. W. A. Campbell presented his resignation as city physician. He stated that the work of the physician is too great for the pay offered.

Considerable discussion followed as to whether the pay could be increased in some way, so that Dr. Campbell could be retained.

Upon motion the resignation was laid upon the table.

The mayor called attention to the matter of refunding $65,000 worth of the water bonds for 10 years at 5 per cent. Referred to the mayor and finance committee to report.

The fire committee reported that the system is nearly in working order.

Alderman Hughes of the public grounds committee said that he could not report any progress. He thought it an insult to put a man on a committee and take away his money.

Alderman Finegan asked that the cemetery committee be authorized to put the cemetery books in shape. The matter was referred to the clerk and cemetery committee to report what is necessary on the books.

Alderman Bumstead read a communication from the Colorado Springs Gas and Electric company in which it announced its claims to all the rights and franchises of its predecessors. He introduced ordinances as follows, some of which amend ordinances: "Controlling and Protecting the Water Works and Streams;" "Regulating the Storage of Explosives;" "Concerning the Inspection of Food;" "Concerning Dogs;" "Concerning Hack Stands."

A resolution was presented confirming the Gas company in its privileges, but was laid over.

The council voted to meet again on Wednesday night to complete the business.

The reports of the clerk, treasurer and police judge for the month were read.

Ex-Inspector Kelly reported 801 sewer connections made to the sewers since they were put in.

Last month's bills were read and allowed. The total was $25,254, including the purchase of the Toof ditch.

The finance committee reported that it could not approve the bill of the Daily News for printing election notices, as the bill is $247, while for the same work the other papers charged from $40 to $60. Referred to the finance committee and city attorney to report.

A mistake in ordering buttons for the firemen's uniforms had been made and enough secured for years to come. The bill was allowed.

Alderman Robinson moved that there be charged against the contingent fund the following amounts: For the fire department, $1,253; for public grounds committee, $652.52.

Alderman Dunbar suggested the expediency of the city buying teams to do its own sprinkling. Referred to the sprinkling committee.

Applications for appointment as police officers were received from W. B. Edwards and John Skinner.

The election of police officers was postponed until Wednesday night.

The applications for liquor license were referred to the police committee and city attorney to report, as some were not according to form.

A communication was presented by Chief Johnson of the fire department recommending that the fire department be made up as follows: Nels Johnson, assistant chief, salary, $85; members, A. B. Carrie, J. C. Duncan, E. E. Baty, Charles Berry. He also recommended that one more man be employed, which he thought would be a saving, as the alarm system could be taken care of by the men.

It was decided that the assistant's salary must be $75, as fixed by the original appropriation. The clerk was then instructed to cast a ballot electing the men as recommended.

The matter of caring for the alarm system was referred to the chief and fire committee.

The mayor, water committee and engineer were instructed to take some preliminary steps in getting surveys for the storage of water from Monument creek.

The report of the fire chief for the month was read, and certain supplies needed were ordered.

The council then adjourned.

LIBERAL CHURCHES.

The Second Day's Session of the Conference Yesterday

The second day's session of the fifth annual conference of liberal churches, held at All Souls church yesterday was very interesting. The attendance was very good at all the sessions.

At the morning session reports were received from all the centers of activity. The reports showed that work of the churches is increasing and extending. The progress has been all that could be expected in a year of such financial depression.

Officers were elected for the year as follows: President, N. A. Haskell of Denver; first vice president, J. E. Smith of Greeley; vice presidents, Evers Phillips of Boulder; C. W. Burrage, Canon City; David Utter, Salt Lake; secretary, C. H. Wilson, Greeley; treasurer, F. B. Hill, Colorado Springs; directors, W. C. Sale[illegible], Denver; J. H. Crocker, Helena; Helen Bingham, Greeley; Mrs. E. H. Humphrey, Denver; Mrs. J. C. Lincoln, Longmont; Geo. H. Taylor, Rocky Ford; W. R. G. Mellen, Colorado Springs; Steven Peebles, Satanta; Nat M. Brigham, Salt Lake; Mrs. L. J. Dresser, Greeley.

The afternoon session was devoted to the work of women and was a very interesting session. Among those who participated were Miss Cora Bellard of Denver, Miss Edith Ferris of Colorado Springs and Mrs. R. P. Utter of Salt Lake. The address of C. H. Wilson of Greeley was very interesting.

A platform meeting was held in the evening and Dr. Slocum read a paper on "Duty of the Church in Moulding Public Opinion in Political Affairs." Rev. N. A. Haskell of Denver an address on "The Church and Social Reform."

The session this afternoon will be devoted to Sunday school work. The platform meeting will be addressed by W. C. Sele[illegible] of Denver, Rabbi Friedman and others.

Populist Plans.

Denver, May 4.—A Pueblo special to The Times says:

The correspondent of The Times has obtained positive information of a very important action taken by the big Populist meeting here last Saturday, which consisted of the State Central committee and the chairman of the County Central committees.

The statement comes straight from the best possible authority that a slate was prepared for the fall election.

By unanimous consent it was decided that J. Warner Mills should receive the nomination for the Governorship. They also decided upon Governor Waite for the United States Senate and Representative Bell to succeed himself.

There was considerable discussion upon whether there should be any action taken upon the Senatorship, but the nomination of Waite was finally agreed upon.

Both companies of militia that were sent to the Mesaba range, Minnesota, last week, have returned. All the mines are again at work.

STOCKS AND MINES.

SILVER.......63 3-4 | LEAD.......$3.35

LOCAL MARKET QUIET.

Quotations and sales of the principal stocks handled in the Colorado Springs market, carefully compiled from all reliable and available sources, for the day ending at 6 p. m., May 8, 1894, are as follows.

THE CRIPPLE CREEKS.	Low	High	Sales.
Addie E	......	.02	......
Alamo	.01¼	.01½	12,500
Anaconda	.29¾	.30	2,000
Anchoria-Leland	.09	.10¼	3,000
Ajax	.02⅝	.02¼	32,500
Apple [illegible]	......	......	......
Bankers	.05¼	.05¾	7,500
Ben Hur	.01	.01¼	......
Blue Bell	.01½	.02	......
Bob Lee	.01	.01½	......
Buckhorn	.02¾	.03½	......
Calumet	.02⅛	.02½	4,000
Columbine	.01½	.01¾	......
Combination	......	.05	......
Creede and Cripple Creek	.01½	.01¾	8,000
Consolidated	.03	.03⅛	2,500
Elkton	.70	.70	......
Enterprise	.02	.02¼	......
Free Coinage	.04½	.05	......
Franklin	.0085	.01	......
Gold and Globe	.03¼	.03½	2,500
Golden Dale	.0035	.0045	11,500
Golden Eagle	.016	.018	......
Gold King	.11	.11½	......
Gold Standard	.03¼	......	......
Goldstone	.08	.08	......
Gould	.06¾	.07¾	1,500
Granite Hill	.0085	.0095	......
Isabella	.17	.17½	......
Isadore	.02¼	.02½	1,250
Jack Pot	.02¾	.02⅞	19,500
Lottie Gibson	.02	.02	5,500
Moose	.65	.70	......
Mt. Rosa	.06¾	.06⅞	3,500
[illegible]	.01¼	.02	......
Ophir	.05	.05½	2,000
Orphan Bell	.03	.03½	......
Pharmacist	.10½	.10¾	1,000
Princess Eulalia	......	.05	......
Railway Postal	......	.05	......
Ramona	.01½	.05	......
Sacramento	......	.02½	13,500
Specimen	.02	.02	......
Standard	......	.00½	......
Star of the West	.004	.004½	......
Summit	.13	.13½	......
[illegible]	.01½	.02	......
Union	.21½	.22½	22,750
Union Pacific	......	......	......
Virginia M.	.02¾	.03¼	......
Woman's	.02¾	.03	......
Work	.03¼	.03⅝	6,000
World	.01¾	.02	5,000
World's Fair	.0013	.0015	......
THE ASPENS.			
Argentum Juniata	.39	.42½	......
Mollie Gibson	.25	.27½	12,200
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Antlers-Park Reg'nt (Creede)	.04	.04½	......
Cleopatra (Creede)	.03	.03½	......
Del Monte (Creede)	......	......	......
Cook's Peak (N.M.)	......	.20	......
Fannie Rawlings (Leadville)	.08½	......	9,000
Lemhi (Idaho)	......	.28	......
Total sales			195,200

The New Mining Exchange.

The new mining exchange is now a thing of reality, and not a myth as thought by some. The charter has been received, and they will begin to make arrangements for completing the organization in a few days. The need of such an organization has long been felt among brokers and mining men in general, to protect them against fake companies that are floating worthless stock. The directory will be composed for the present of Richard C. Bolles, Thomas H. Edsall, H. LeB. Wills, W. P. Bonbright, George R. Buckman, Godfrey Kissel, G. H. Webster, Jr., John W. Proudfit, William G. Doubleday and E. S. Hawks. Mr. Slaughter Bassett was one of the prime movers in the exchange, and was to have been a director, but his untimely death necessitated substituting the name of another broker. The first meeting of the directory for organization will be held Thursday in W. P. Bonbright's office, when officers will be elected and steps taken to get to work.

The New Rock Drill.

The new Dixon hand power rock drill is on exhibition in Denver. The Times says: This drill is built on scientific principles and made for durability. It is simple in construction and operated so easily a child could run it. The parts are interchangeable. The blow can be adjusted from 50 to 200 pounds and the machine will weigh about 110 pounds. With ordinary hand turning of its handles 400 blows are made per minute. Any drill that the miner can make can be used and at any angle desired. The feed and turning device is perfect and is a most ingenious invention. The inventor, Mr. W. H. Dixon, who is a practical miner, has been working on it some two years and has built several machines before perfecting it. The other lucky owners are C. E. Gartman and Frank Joslin. A feature that will commend the machine to miners is that the company will give a week's trial of the machine to purchasers and if it does not do the work as claimed the money will be refunded on the return of the machine. This will satisfy the most skeptical miner. The reporter, in trying the machine, drilled a hole two inches in one minute. It is impossible for the drill to clog as it has a three-inch stroke and no spooning necessary under fourteen inches except on a down hole. Any one interested can call and try it in practical operation on different kinds of stone and with different bits. The owners have a fortune in this machine as it will materially reduce the cost and makes easy the hardest part of mining.

Mineral Surveys.

Mineral surveys approved by the United States surveyor-general for the Pueblo district the week ending May 5, 1894: 8790, Rebecca; 8830, Gold Bell; 8836, Thelma; 8852, Spring Chicken; 8803, Mattie W.; 8821, Solitaire and Bob Lee lodes; 8806, [illegible] and Ocean lodes; 8735, Fulton and Burlington lodes; 8871, Calhoun No. 2.

Granite Hill Company.

The new directory and officers of the Granite Hill Mining and Milling company are E. E. Gowdy, president; J. K. Briner, vice-president; J. P. Madden, secretary; A. S. Andrew, treasurer and W. E. Gowdy, manager.

The Mt. Rosa Placer Title Sustained.

The developments on the Mt. Rosa placer during the past few months have aroused the cupidity of a number of speculators and several locations of lode claims have been made on the placer, the locators claiming that the title of the Mt. Rosa company was defective and that it could not be successfully asserted against the lode locations. Among the trespassers were: E. W. Reilly, Fred Pitman, Louis Chamson and Alex Day who located the Bonanza lode on Block 36 of the townsite, April 4th, of this year. The company at once took legal steps to enjoin the lode claimants and a temporary injunction was issued by Judge Rucker on April 5th. A further hearing was had yesterday before Judge Campbell when the defendants set up the invalidity of the placer patent against the continuance of the injunction. The Court held however, that patent having issued the company was entitled to the ground, including the lodes, and continued the injunction. A similar injunction was issued against some others who set up the same claim. The company has been successful thus far in resisting all attacks upon its title and its officers declare that they will continue to prosecute all trespassers upon the placer. Goudy & Kinsley and Brainard, Jeffrey and Griffith appeared for the company and W. S. McCleland and [illegible] Pencery for the defendants.

Jack Pot Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders in the Jack Pot Mining company for the election of officers and directors was held yesterday in the office of Dr. Morrison in the Bank building, 35[illegible] shares being represented. The new directors for the year are Dr. S. W. Morrison, Dr. S. [illegible] Cajnwell, E. P. Creighton, J. E. Aiken, M. S. Rafield, C. H. Morse and J. W. Holmes. Dr. S. W. Morrison was elected president, J. E. Aiken, vice-president; C. H. Morse, secretary and M. S. Rafield treasurer.

At the Recorder's Office.

Certificate of Levy—W. E. Anderson et al., vs. Alfred Olin et al., part Alpha, Cripple Creek district.

Location Certificates—Cripple Creek district: Fairview by J. C. Cunningham, J. E. Zigler and C. A. Buzzard; Phantom by A. L. Scott; Bayonne by A. J. Scott; Minnie P. by William E. Scott and James A. Pearce; Sunflower by E. S. Bryant. Stanley Camp district: Leon by C. L. Robinson and D. R. Blood.

Mining Lease—J. A. McClurg to David H. Divers, Ada Bell, Cripple Creek district; W. E. Sutter and et al. to Robert D. Weir, trustee, Bertha B., Cripple Creek district.

Mineral Certificate—Irene and Ajax, lot No. 8354.

Release—O. P. Ross et al. to W. R. Mason et al., Bertha B., Cripple Creek district.

Mining Deeds—John Alexanderson et al. to M. E. Rockey, Lute S., Cripple Creek; W. H. Menzo to The Ruth Esther Gold Mining company, Blanche, Cripple Creek district; G. W. Lynch to W. F. Bogart, one-quarter Bayonne Chief, Cripple Creek district.

Bond and Lease—Charles Ballack and L. W. Barlow to Gustave Sanborn, Clay View, Cripple Creek district; R. E. Wilcoxen et al. to Gustave Sanborn, Cotton Tail, Cripple Creek district; Frank L. Birney to E. C. Casey, lot 23, Cripple Creek district.

Assignment of Lease—D. R. Allen et al., to C. M. Rice, three-eighths Little Darling.

Articles of Incorporation—Colorado Springs Mining Exchange by Richard C. Bolles, William P. Bonbright and Wm. G. Doubleday.

Mining Deed—W. E. Colburn to Baltimore Gold Mining and Milling company, Yorktown and Baltimore; F. A. Williams to L. E. Kinney et al., one-sixteenth Mountain Tiger; Peter S. Cook to S. Davidson, one-sixteenth Little Annie Rooney; John W. Pring to Richard C. Gwillim, nine-fiftysixths Bonnie Nell, also nine-fiftysixths Mary Ann on Raven Hill; Charles Cowan to John W. Pring six-twentieths Bonnie Nell, six-twentieths of Mary Ann also interest in Louisiana; John Young to John Pring three-twentieths Bonnie Nell; Patrick O'Connor to John Pring three-twentieths Bonnie Nell and interest in Louisiana; Patrick O'Connor et al. to John Pring one-fourth Bonnie Nell; Caleb Bryant et al. to Patrick O'Connor et al., part Mary Ann; Marion J. Foye to Gold Bell Consolidated Mining company, Hindoo, Athens, Georgia, Blue Ridge, Sumatra, Geneva.

Location Certificates—Cripple Creek District: Anniversary, by A. A. Ireland; Lode Katherine Placer, by Isabella M. McCrea; Extension, by R. E. Reid; Harrison, R. E. Reid; Pomo, by R. E. Reid; Envy, by Mrs. E. G. Hicks.

Patent—Cripple Creek District: Santa Rita to C. D. Wilson et al.

Option—Charles N. Green to P. S. Cook, Little Annie Rooney, six months, $6,500.

Articles of Incorporation—Bonanza King Gold Mining and Milling company by R. G. Miller, M. J. Burgdorf and H. E. J. Sabbye, with capital stock $700,000, in $1 non-assessable shares, principal office at Colorado Springs; Grassy Gold Mining company by W. E. Leonard, W. E. Loane and R. R. Babbitt, with capital of $2,000,000, in $1 non-assessable shares; The Spicer Mining and Milling company by O. W. Spicer, B. K. Walker and R. E. Atchison, capital $500,000, in $1 non-assessable shares, principal office at Colorado Springs and branch office at Victor.

Bond and Lease—William Hall to Robert E. Hillhouse, one-eighth L X L, Cripple Creek district; George E. Boo[illegible] to Waco Mining company, Waconda and Gift.

Mining Deed—Agnes F. Apted to Robert Hillhouse, half Santiago, Front Range; Bob Lee Gold Mining company to George F. Holmes, Little Joe, Cripple Creek; Hayden Placer company to Charles L. Tutt et al., interest in Mineral in Hayden Placer subdivision to Hayden Placer, Cripple Creek; William Maskell to Charles F. Cober, one-quarter Lulu M. on Bull hill; A. E. Stonewell to James E. Graham, one-sixth St. Charles, Cripple Creek; George E. King to J. S. [illegible] et al., one-eighth Puzzle; P. W. Dargin to Robert F. Le Mond, one-eighth Professional; Frank Meyers to Hugh McGee one-half [illegible]; W. G. Ewing to Hugh McGee et al., one-sixth Mamie; W. G. Ewing to Hugh McGee, one-third Mamie; J. C. Abby et al. to J. O. Hardwick, Lost Lillie; M. A. Montgomery to John Miller et al., one-third [illegible] and Louis R.; E. W. [illegible] to C. M. Baker, one-eighth [illegible] and Hamburg; Louis Thomas to George E. Hathaway, one-eighth Eldorado.

Location certificate—Cripple Creek; Eula[illegible] by C. C. Roach; Wedge, M. O. Ryan, B. McArdle and Hugh McGee; Vulcan by John Ryan and Robert Craig; Little Wee M. by John Rowling and Joseph Gressey; [illegible] by A. G. Bancroft; Irene by Rosa A. Pick and Eva E. Bancroft.

Mining Deeds—F. F. Hard to Constantine Gold Mining company, Constantine; C. W. Shell to J. W. Rice, one-eighth Cashier on Raven hill; M. C. Ryan to J. A. Whitley, one-eighth Gibraltar; Charles L. Tutt et al. to [illegible] Crowell, part Bonanza King.

Land Contracts—G. L. Wiley to E. B. Seawright, one-eighth Great Wonder on Guyot Hill, Cripple Creek district; G. L. Wiley to G. L. A. Gann, one-eighth Great Wonder on Guyot hill; G. L. Wiley to Geo. E. [illegible], one-eighth Great Wonder on Guyot hill.

Certificate of Incorporation—Constantine Gold Mining company by Frank F. Hard, Patrick O'Connor, H. H. Ad[illegible], W. F. Edgerfoot and J. W. Wood with a capital stock of $500,000 of $1 non-assessable shares. Principal office at Colorado Springs.

Location Certificates—Cripple Creek district: Four Ace by W. J. Montgomery, L. E. England and J. E. Williams; Ethel May by William Smith and William Mould; Appomattox amended by A. M. Stearns and Alfred Wyatt. Front Range district: Grand View by C. W. Holmes and W. F. Rutherford; Saw Tooth by Thomas Worley and W. F. Murphy.

Location Certificates—Cripple Creek district: Montreal by W. Hemenway and J. Major; Comte de Paris by W. Hemenway and J. Major; Athens by John Charles Lang and John Buzard; D. T. G. on Big Bull mountain by Sarah Hayes, Henry W. Guinan and David E. Guinan.

Lease—B. C. [illegible] et al., to E. A. Lockwood, et al., sub-lease, one-half Monument, Cripple Creek district.

Mining Deed—J. G. Wilson to Combination Gold Mining and Milling company one-half Baltic, Cripple Creek district; Louise Blake, et al., to Elizabeth Clark, two-thirds Polar Star, Cripple Creek district; Louise Blake, et al., to Catherine A. McIntosh, two-thirds Polar Star, Cripple Creek district.

Location certificates—Cripple Creek district: Olive B. by Chas. A. Holencampe et al.; Tilla Ingram by Chas. A. Holencampe et al.; Enterprise by Chas. A. Holencampe et al.; Last Chance by Chas. A. Holencampe et al.; Harry Dickson by Chas. A. Holencampe et al.; Annie F. by M. C. Jackson et al.; American Beauty by Wm. Clark; Mammoth by Colfax Mining company.

Mining Deeds—William Smith to Michael Rainey, one-eighth Edith May, Cripple Creek district; William Smith to F. M. Snyder, one-fourth Edith May; Louis Aronowitz to Chas. S. Aaron one-fourth Herman Straus; Edward J. Jones to Owen Prentiss, one-eighth O. R. T.; R. B. Maxwell et al. to Addie E. Mining and Milling company, Big Chief, Hill Top, Little Chief; G. B. Sherwood et al. to C. E. Johnson et al., Sherwood on Big Bull mountain; Robert Davis et al. to Sacramento Gold Mining and Milling company, Sacramento and Michigan.

Lease—A. W. Morrell, trustee for E. L. Ogden et al., to Charles M. MacNeil, Ogden, Little Dan and Fraction, Cripple Creek, for two years without power to assign or sublet.

Current News.

Cripple Creek is enjoying a building boom.

The amount of transactions for the week amounts to 1,355,100 shares.

The Panther claim is one of the Columbine properties.

Balfour seems to have its walking clothes on and is coming to the front.

A galena vein two feet wide has been cut at 110 feet in the Texas shaft, Yankee hill.

The Bertha B., on Raven hill, has been leased to R. D. Weir and other Manitou men.

The Syndicate mine near Silverton is working seventy-five men and shipping high-grade silver ore.

Colonel S. E. Baker, the La Plata district magnate, says the stamp mill for the district is assured.

All the mining experts who have examined the Balfour district, give it the stamp of approval.—Mining Record.

Dillon parties will investigate the copper and gold discoveries on the mountain, 20 miles west of there.

W. S. Heath has opened an office at 112 Pike's Peak avenue, where he will handle mining stocks.

Work has been resumed on the Windy, on Cedar mountain, Copper Rock. Good ore has been encountered.

The Gold and Globe mill is running on Independence and Bison ore and they will soon begin running their placer.

The Lady Ellen mine, near Silverton has been leased by W. S. Haley of Ouray and will become a producer at once.

The Balfour Mining Exchange and Bureau of Information has been incorporated by two dozen leading citizens of that camp.

Ohio City, once a booming camp of 2,000 people, but having now only 26, reports some good ore discoveries and a new boom is promised.

The Denver branch mint received over $73,000 in gold returns on the 1st of May. This gold was coined in Denver instead of being sent to Philadelphia.—Mining Record.

F. L. Roudebush, Robert W. English and C. S. Filmore have incorporated the Leadville and Chicago Gold Mining company with a capital stock of $1,000,000, divided into 200,000 shares.

The Gold and Globe Mining company have two cars of ore on the road to ship. They have made a good strike and are in a body of ore that runs continuously $100 to the ton.

The Monarch Gold Mining and Milling company has been organized by R. M. Young, George Berman and J. V. McMillen to operate in El Paso county. Capital stock $1,000,000.

The Baby Queen Mining and Milling company has been organized at Trinidad with a capital stock of $70,000. It will develop the Grand View and other claims in the Moreno district, New Mexico.

The Dead Pine mine will be started up Monday again. Mr. J. K. Rice, the superintendent of the Ophir company, leaves to-day for the camp.

Mr. Burkholder has a good-sized specimen of ore from the Dead Pine, the Addie E. company. It contains several pieces of free gold.

A fine-looking specimen of honey-combed quartz taken from the [illegible] vein of the Dead Pine was exhibited by Mr. Welles yesterday. It will run about $458 to the ton. It is thought they will cut the vein within ten feet.

The Free Coinage company met yesterday and held their annual election. S. M. Baldwin was elected president, S. E. Altman, vice-president and manager; E. A. Altman, secretary, and B. D. Altman director in addition to the above.

Pierce & Lee of the Colorado Ore Sampling company, also part owners in the Golden Cycle mine, have secured title to a valuable mine in the mouth of Bear creek, on the southwestern edge of Telluride. The purchase price was $8,000. They will erect a 40-stamp mill. They have leased the Huntington mill and will run it until the new mill is ready.

The Leadville and Chicago Gold Mining company, incorporated last week, has secured 100 acres of mineral land in the vicinity of Big Evans gulch at the center of the Leadville gold belt. C. S. Filmore, F. L. Roudebush and R. W. English are the incorporators.

J. R. McKinnie, manager of the Gold and Globe mill and a large mine owner, has returned from the East. He says gold stocks are in demand and that Colorado is recovering from the depression faster than the Eastern States. Cripple Creek is an interesting topic to the people in the East.

The incorporation papers of the new mining exchange of Colorado Springs have been forwarded to the Secretary of State by R. C. Bolles, W. P. Bonbright and W. G. Doubleday, the incorporators.

C. G. Curtis returned Thursday from Camp Sayles in the Fish creek country, about seven south of Florissant. The prospectors are coming in daily to the camp. Mr. Sayles has about twelve men at work and is pushing development vigorously. One shaft is down 40 feet, and they are confident of striking good ore in a short time.

The new Black Joe Gold Mining, Milling and Land company of Balfour will have their prospectus out in a few days. They will float most of their treasury stock in the east. Balfour is growing rapidly and the prospects are for a good camp.

The sale of the mining stock of B. Clark Wheeler by A. L. Lawton as trustee, took place in front of the county court house to-day. There were offered 850,000 shares of Pontiac, 600,000 St. Joe and Mineral Farm and 900,000 Champion. There were quite a number of bids for small lots but none of them were accepted, the entire lot going to J. J. Hagerman and R. C. Bolles for $1,50,000.

The total amount of ore purchased by the Smelters' association between January 15 and April 15 amounted to 88,000 tons. Smelters outside the association probably bought 25,000 tons additional, not including iron, making a daily average of about 1000 tons daily. The capacity of the smelters is about 3000 tons of ore daily, not including fluxes. At the present time it is about one-third of their capacity.—Industry.

The Keystone Mining and Milling company are preparing to float their treasury stock which they hold at 10c a share. The prospectus of the company sets forth their properties—nine in number. Their most prominent claims are the Price of the Hills, located to the south of the Pike's Peak, on which they have twenty-six men at work and are pushing down rapidly. They also own the Panic, and Cripple Creek, Nancy Hanks, Victoria No. 2, near the Victor and the Penny. The company is incorporated with a capital stock of $1,500,000, and 350,000 of this is in the treasury. The officers of the Keystone company are John C. Voss, president and treasurer; E. Ferguson, vice-president; J. A. Sil[illegible], secretary, and W. R. Foley, manager.

The Robinson Gold Mining company, in the Transvaal, enjoys just at present the distinction of operating the largest gold mine in the world if the whole output of that precious yellow metal is taken as a standard. The Alaska-Treadwell mine in Alaska is worked on a much larger scale and produces a greater amount of ore, its last report showing 237,239 tons worked by 240 stamps, while the Robinson last year ran only 60 stamps and crushed 96,852 tons of ore. The exceedingly low grade of the Alaska-Treadwell ore, however, which averages less than $3 per ton, compared with the average of $7.50 per ton for the Robinson, giving the latter first place as a gold producer.—Engineering Journal.

Sam Boyer, accompanied by A. L. Lawton and a Mr. Kessler, a moneyed man of the Springs, were in camp inspecting this promising property this week. The purpose of the visit was to decide upon something definite as to extensive development. Nothing definite was learned as to what was decided upon, but the gentlemen expressed themselves as being so highly pleased with the good showing made in the Black Joe, that machinery would be at once provided for the proper development of the property.—Balfour News.

The Midland Terminal people began stringing rails from Midland to the tunnel Thursday. Engineer Newell says that he expects to have freight delivered at Beaver Park, three miles from Cripple Creek by May 25. Everything however depends upon the tunnel work, which has so far advanced that the completion can now be approximated with reasonable certainty. The dirt work is nearing its completion and the contractors are crowding their gangs so no delays will be encountered in laying the rails through the tunnel and on to Beaver Park.

PAINT cracks.—It often costs more to prepare a house for repainting that has been painted in the first place with cheap ready-mixed paints, than it would to have painted it twice with strictly pure white lead, ground in pure linseed oil.

Strictly Pure White Lead

forms a permanent base for repainting and never has to be burned or scraped off on account of scaling or cracking. It is always smooth and clean. To be sure of getting strictly pure white lead, purchase any of the following brands:

"Southern," "Red Seal," "Collier."

FOR COLORS.—National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, a one-pound can to a 25-pound keg of Lead and mix your own paints. Saves time and annoyance in matching shades, and insures the best paint that it is possible to put on wood.

Send us a postal card and get our book on paints and color-card, free; it will probably save you a good many dollars.

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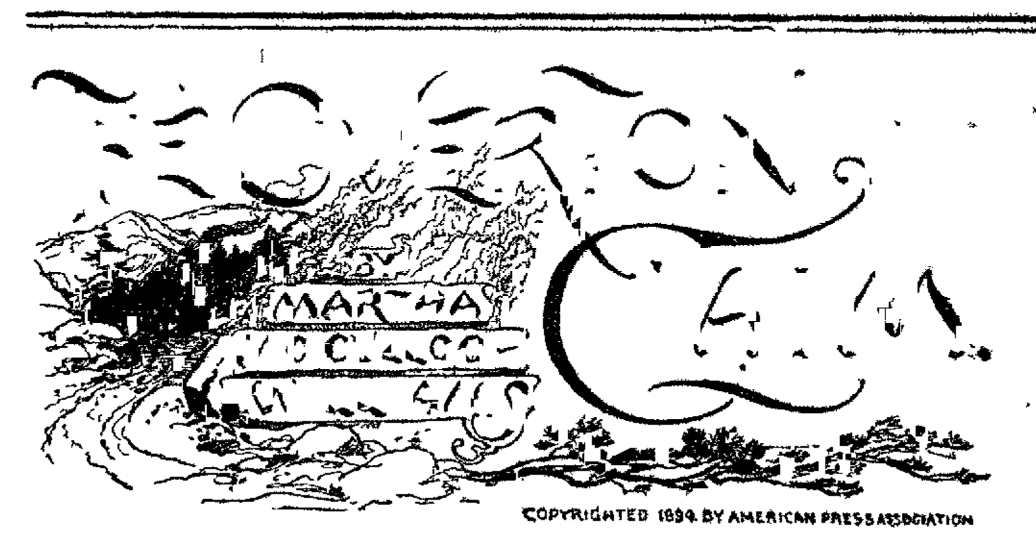

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CHAPTER I.

"He's the gallantest old fellow. It makes me fairly heartsick to know his case is hopeless."

Mr. Eldreth said it, looking with compassionate eyes after his departing client. His partner, Major Vance, half turned in his swivel chair, gave an extra long pull at his pipe and said over the top of "Greenleaf on Evidence":

"Why must it be hopeless? Isn't it your business and mine to persuade one very bad man or twelve good and true ones that the right is always with our side?"

"Certainly, but in this case I should have to persuade them to go against law and fact in order to do what I believe to be right," Mr. Eldreth said, making himself horizontal by putting his heels upon his desk and tipping his chair as far back as possible. Again Major Vance spoke through his smoke veil.

"Tell me all about it. Your client looked as though he came out of the ark. Has he got a claim for damages against Noah et al.? Or is it a matter of line fences?"

"Neither. You must have heard all about it. It's one of our celebrated cases—the Overton claim."

"What! Is that the man who has been a legal gold mine these last 50 years?"

"The very same—Francis Overton, Esq. No better blood in the state."

"Tell me about the claim. Of course I've heard of it nebulously. I'd like to know the story of it with circumstantial exactness."

"It's a pitiful one, and my father always insisted begun in a romance back in Carolina. He knew both the Overtons and Fauntleroys there. The heirs of each house, it seems, fell in love with the same young woman—an heiress and great belle—who preferred young Overton. If the other man swore vengeance against his successful rival, nobody ever heard of it, but everybody knew that the warm friendship once existing between the two families was utterly dead. In fact, it was felt to be a good thing when, a few years after his wedding, young Overton moved with all his belongings to middle Tennessee.

"Here he prospered amazingly. Coming in when pretty well all the state lay virgin, he bought half a county of the richest land at a price that was next to nothing. Besides he got possession of the best ore banks in the state, and as soon as he had got a fair sized plantation open, set about building furnaces and making iron. He was essentially a man of big enterprises, one who did nothing on a small scale. Into this new venture he put a deal of money—the most of it, unluckily for him, not his own. There were half a dozen blast furnaces, a forge, a rolling mill, heaven knows what besides, but if the money went out in a stream it looked to be certain that it would come in in a flood. Indeed my father always maintained that Mr. Overton went at least $50,000 in debt simply to oblige lenders who forced their cash upon him. For three years everything went well. No man stood so high, was rated so happy. Then came a sea of troubles. His wife died—his children, all save one, the eldest boy—my client of today. Before people were done talking over their funerals there was a bigger sensation. Peyton Fauntleroy's attorney had come out from North Carolina and laid claim to all the iron land in Mr. Overton's possession. Though he laughed the claim to scorn, it made a fine how-d'ye-do among partners and creditors. They clamored for an explanation. He answered by buying out or paying each one in full, though to do it stripped him of everything but the property in dispute. That was a fortune if he held it. At the trial people waited on tiptoe for the outcome of it all. He came into court mighty sorrowful looking, but no whit downcast. Indeed he had hardly thought it worth while to employ a lawyer, but as my father had settled his other affairs for him he said to him, 'George, please look after this little matter.'

"But my father would never take a fee for that day's work; said he didn't earn it. Fauntleroy's man got up first and said that his client claimed the land under government entry at such a date, to be established by patents and receipts for purchase money. Mr. Overton hardly waited for his last word before he stood up, saying to the judge as though the whole thing bored him, 'If your honor will look at these papers, you will find that my entry of the same land was just two years earlier.'

"'H—m,' said the judge. 'You must make your statement on oath.' While Mr. Overton was being sworn his honor fumbled with the papers, but didn't look at them. The other man passed up his documents. You might have heard yourself think while the judge was turning them over. The crowd could see that they looked official—on government forms, with big red seals. When he undid the Overton packet, everybody gave a gasp. It was nothing but blank paper. Mr. Overton stood like a dead man for a minute, then sprang facing the judge, and shouted out: 'The records—search the records. I know my deeds are there!'

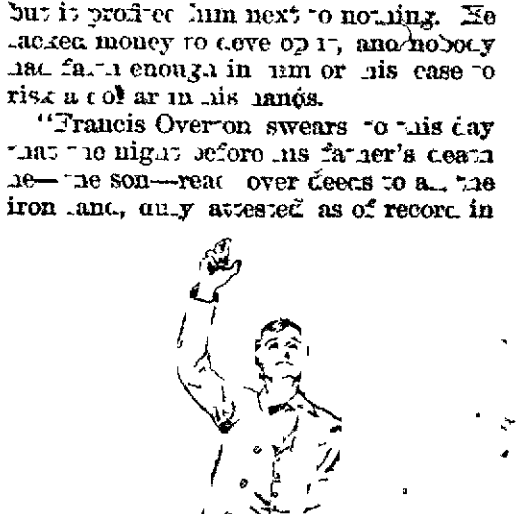
"Most likely they were there, but the book was missing—has been from that day to this. Of course, though, there was nothing for it but to give judgment for Fauntleroy. But when court was over, as my father was helping Mr. Overton from the room, the judge came to them and said: 'I know it's your land, sir. Appeal, appeal, and by the Eternal I will help you to get justice.'

"That broke Mr. Overton all up. He choked and said gaspingly: 'The fight will go on, sir, so long as Overton blood runs in any creature's veins. I have got just one boy left. Better, much better see him dead than to know he would let it be said his father had been proved a scoundrel and thief.'

"'They never shall say it, father,' young Frank cried out. The old man reached out a hand to him, staggered, fell, was dead before they could lay him straight on the grass in the courthouse yard. Kneeling beside the corpse, the lad—he was just turned 17—swore to avenge and vindicate the dead man if it took all his life. Though of all his father's fortune there was not enough left to bury him, the son was not badly off. His mother's money was held in trust for him, and there was more to come from a rich bachelor greatuncle.

"The Overton claim has swallowed nearly all of it, for, you see, these things came to pass more than 50 years ago, before you and I were born. Through all these years the fight has been kept up. The absence of the records has made that possible. Lacking them, neither claimant can perfect his title to this great property. Fauntleroy got possession under bond after the first decree, but it profited him next to nothing. He lacked money to develop it, and nobody had faith enough in him or his case to risk a dollar in his hands.

"Francis Overton swears to this day that the night before his father's death he—the son—read over deeds to all the iron land, duly attested as of record in the missing volume. By what treachery they were abstracted and blank forms left in their place nobody can even imagine, always supposing that such a thing did occur, which I, for one, devoutly believe. But few folk agree with me. Some of the overgood even sigh and lift their eyes, intimating that the elder Overton was 'struck down' for false swearing, as well as that some things in the life of his son are 'a judgment' for the assertion of an unjust claim.



Kneeling beside the corpse, the lad swore to avenge and vindicate the dead man.

"To me he is the most heroic, the most pathetic figure I ever knew. This struggle to set his father right has risen from a duty to a religion—one, too, which, unlike most religions, comes before everything, anything else."

"Yet you say his case is hopeless?"

"Quite, save in two most impossible contingencies."

"What are they?"

"He must find the missing volume of records or the man who made away with them and with his father's deeds."

CHAPTER II.

Seventy years, full of trouble though they were, sat lightly on Francis Overton. He walked away from his lawyer with a masterful step, though his head drooped a little, and his eyes were full of speculation—so full indeed that he took no note of two other men, who looked hard at him from an adjacent street corner.

When he had vaulted upon his tall black horse and gone away at a swinging lope, one said low to the other:

"That's your man. Tough old nut, isn't he, to be riding that gait at rising 70?"

The speaker was an elderly man, smug faced, though not quite ill looking, with narrow, light eyes; a square jaw and close clipped bullet head; well dressed, well groomed, yet giving withal a some suggestion of underbreeding.

The other was taller by a half head, lithe, slim, with an oval face tanned to healthy brown and lit by two clear, convincing gray eyes. Every line, every motion told of strength and suppleness, the muscular litheness of the early twenties. His hair, just long enough to show a hint of ripple, was of the warm brown that catches gold of the sun, the same sun which had burned to an aspen shade the drooping mustache that hid a firm, well cut mouth.

Altogether you would go far before seeing a better specimen of the genus gentleman. He looked intently after the vanishing figure, and as it was lost to view said, "Hawkins, I like his looks, so much so indeed that I have three parts of a great mind to give up the whole thing."

A lightning scowl drew together Hawkins' brows, but he was wise enough to mask it and say interrogatively: "What? I didn't quite catch what you said."

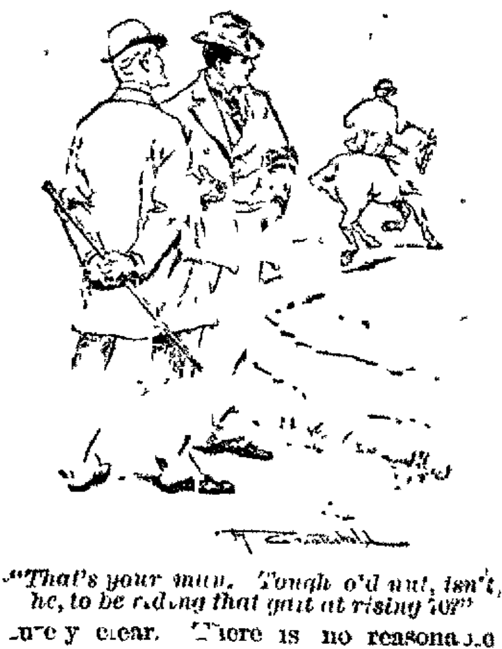
For a minute the other was silent. Then he said, not loud, but dropping his words with the precision of a plummet:

"That old man is honor personified. So much his face proclaims. There must be much more than I have been taught to believe in this claim to which he has sacrificed so much."

"Oh, nobody ever said a word against him. No doubt he believes all he says, took his father's word for gospel truth. Clearly he is a victim of circumstances and his own pigheadedness. That's why we, our side, thought of this compromise." Hawkins returned hurriedly, jumping one word on another as if to prevent further speech of his comrade.

The younger man looked at him hard as he asked. "On your honor, now, do you believe a compromise possible?"

The other broke out with impatience that he tried vainly to smother in suavity: "That's just what I can't say—what we want to find out. See here, F— Haywood, you can't mean to go back on us now. Think for a minute what it means, where we stand. Here's one side—an English syndicate just aching to invest $1,000,000; the other, the finest iron property in the world, at which they will jump, once the title is absolutely clear. There is no reasonable doubt whom it really belongs to. Spite of 50 years of suits in all sorts of courts, Fauntleroy possession has not been overturned."



"That's your man. Tough o'd nut, isn't he, to be riding that gait at rising 70?"

"You forget there have been lapses, quite enough to give the other side a fighting chance."

"No, I don't forget. Reduced to its lowest terms, the case stands thus: Overton has no possible chance of winning the property. All he can do is to play dog in the manger and keep the rightful heirs of it from getting full benefit of it. Now, it seems to me, regard for him, if nothing else, ought to make you anxious that he shall be properly approached, the case stated fairly to him and an effort made to convince him of the error of his ways. You were willing enough"—

"Before I saw him or the land in dispute, yes. Now I put myself in his place, try to think how I would feel if, after all of these years of struggle, a man came to me, saying in effect: 'Sir, your father was a thief and a scoundrel. All the same, your persistent denial of it keeps me out of a fortune. If you will agree to admit it and thereby put $1,000,000 in my pocket, I will see to it that it is made worth your while.' I think, Hawkins, I should kick the messenger very hard, all the harder if he rang in anything about regard for my own interest."

"Then you won't go to him?"

"Not as you proposed, under an alias. But openly, in face of daylight, giving my own name, I mean to see Major Overton, and see also if there can possibly be found an honorable way out of all this evil."

Hawkins fell back a step, with eyes of amazed fury. After a minute he said, with a slowly whitening face: "You—will—go—to him—in—your—own name? Young man, you are—worse than a lunatic. He would murder you at the sound of it."

"I think not. He has not the assassin's face. Do you know where he lives? I want to do him the honor of seeking him in his own home."

"Would you really risk it?" Hawkins spoke in an awed whisper. The other laughed a little, saying: "Why not? I can but fail. If I do, it will be failure between gentlemen, which, while it may be unpleasant, surely cannot be dangerous."

Hawkins' eyes dropped; his face grew hard. He half turned away, saying over his shoulder: "Oh, well, do as you like. Ridgeley, the Overton place, lies about 10 miles out of town, on the Blackwood road. But you are not sure of finding the major at home except at breakfast. So I advise you to go early, if you will in spite of me."

"Go I must and soon," the other said, walking away.

Hawkins looked after him and muttered under his breath: "Him—of all the men in the world. He cannot know—not half a dozen do—all that lies under the surface of the Overton claim."

CHAPTER III.

"Black Mammy, I want to go get some blackberries."

"Lis'en at dat now, will yo'? Miss Dare, didn' yo' hear ole marster done tole not ter let yo' outen my sight twell he come home, an here you wantin ter go strayin off by yo'se'f lak yo' wus some po' white trash."

"You can come, too, though I ain't afraid."

"I cain't do; got ter spin my stockin yarn dis mornin while hit's cool. Wait twell de evenin; den I'll sen Suse ter fotch yo' mo' blackberries, an yo' kin shake a stick at."

"I don't like waiting."

"Is yo' gwine anyway spite er me?"

"Not in spite, but I am going. Spin away, mammy. I'll never tell grandfather; you needn't either."

"I'll go yo' will, I got ter, but you is the ill convenientest gal, hungry for blackberries wid horse apples des meller as dey can be layin right yer under yo' nose. I don' min de goin so much, but I does hate ter see yo', er Overton, actin like er po' white. All dem lives in de lower parts, dis time er year, des same as de wus rabbits."

Dare Overton laughed aloud, then ran down the piazza steps, calling as she went: "Music! Damsel! Here, here!"

At sound of their names a couple of foxhounds, lank, lithe, many spotted, got up from the grass, where they lay panting and snapping at the flies, and ran away to their young mistress, who stood beside the yard gate, waiting Black Mammy's slow approach.

She looked well into the joyful summer morning. Her clean pink calico frock fell away from a round white throat, whose promise was repeated in the wrists revealed by loose sleeves, fulfilled in the rose and ivory of her face. One bare hand lifted the pink skirts high enough to show two small proud stepping feet in quaint buckled shoes. The other held a small basket woven of fine white oak splints. A mop of yellowy hair showed under a big palm hat. Brows a trifle darker arched over deep blue eyes that were full of merry mischief as the fat dark figure waddled slowly toward the gate.

"Own up now, mammy; you wanted to go as bad as I did or Music or Damsel," Dare said, with a dimpling smile.

"I never," retorted Black Mammy, drawing down the corners of her mouth in a vain effort to keep up a semblance of her grievance. "I dunno wuss things user comin ter. My po' fus's got ter suffer wid de rumatics, I reckon. Pear lik' I ain't never gwine git de time ter spin dat yarn. Twix' yo' projeckin an ole marster's po' ole Diney hafter be spryer'n a hopper grass, den cain't do everything."

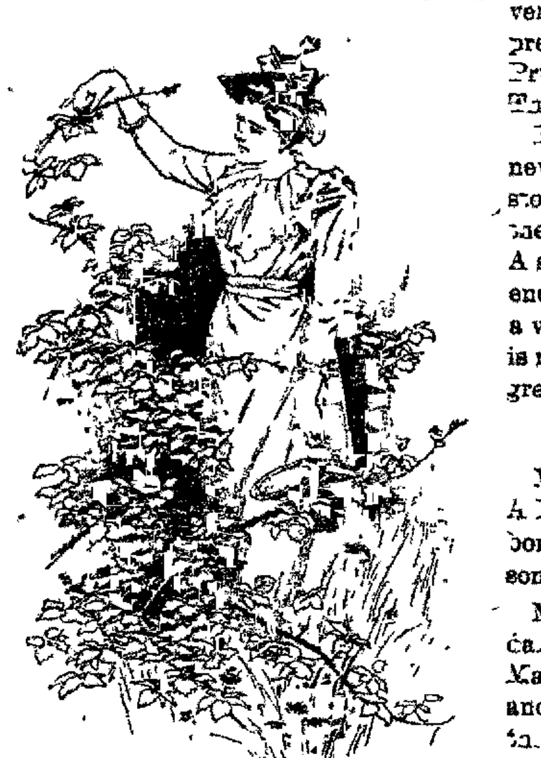
Dare laughed outright, crying out: "Mammy, mammy, what fibs you do tell! You've got 10 pairs of good yarn stockings now. I counted them last time you opened your chest, and then you beg me to knit more for you. I won't unless you give away at least half you've got."

"Come 'long if yo're comin," mammy said, pushing open the heavy gate. Then, as Dare passed through it: "What is yo' head sot fer? De ole fie'er dem big feller—des er bustin wid sweet juice—w'ut grows de yonder side de creek bottom fiel'?"

"The creek, of course. It's shady there. The sun has not got over the hilltop yet," Dare said, running down a narrow woodland footpath. The two dogs plunged ahead, running out now and then in leaping circles through the shaded depths on either hand. The slope was long and gentle. It was a full mile before they came to the creek, now a thread of bright water slipping with summer whispers over the smooth, clean, pebbly bed. The eddy round the root of a big sycamore made a small shining pool, beside which Dare stopped a minute to look at herself. Black Mammy laid a heavy hand on her arm.

"Come away, chile. Bad luck come soon enough, widout stoppin ter conjure hit up, lookin at yo'se'f in runnin water. I spec we gwine git wet anyway 'fore we sees home agin. 'Tain't no dew hardly on de bushes dis mornin, an pears ter me lak I been hearin hit thunder ever sence we started."

Thus adjured, Dare ran lightly over the stepping stones and on to the cornfield opposite, where all the fence was one mat of laden vines. Very shortly the baskets overran, though the pickers took only the choicest fair fruit. Dare held up a rich cluster and said, with the central berry between her lips:



There all the fence was one mat of laden vines.

"Ain't you glad you came, mammy? This is ever so much nicer than even spinning on the piazza."

"I ain't gwine say twell we git home agin. Time enough fer crow when you know yo ain't gwine ter cry," mammy said sententiously. Then as an unmistakable thunderpeal came down the valley: "Lis'en at dat. Rain'll ketch us sho' fo' ever we git ter de house."

"Not if we walk fast and take the near way up the hollow," Dare said, looking doubtingly at the sky, whence an inky wall was rising out of the southwest. Black Mammy gave a groan.

"I knowed better'n to be here. Why didn't I do better?" she said, puffing after her young mistress, whose swimming motion had already put her well ahead.

To reach the near cut they had to go down the creek almost to the place where the Blackwood road ran across it. They had passed the stream perhaps 50 yards and were toiling over a narrow bottom into which the hollow expanded when Dare stopped short, flung up her head and cried in a startled voice, "Mammy, mammy, what can that be?"

"De-de-de-debble, I reckon," mammy said, with chattering teeth, for a wild, shrill crying came out of the ground, apparently at their very feet.

(To be continued next week.)

Mr. A. M. Ripley, ex-alderman of the First ward and a prominent citizen for many years, was married on Tuesday evening to Miss Lydia E. Parker. The ceremony occurred at Mr. Ripley's residence, 227 North Tejon, Rev. Robert [illegible], of Boston officiating. Only a few friends were present.

Literary Department

MINTON'S LATEST NOVEL.

As a general rule, when a paper-covered novel is issued as one of a cheap series by a publisher who is not well known, the novel is apt to be of the trashy sort. When we received Maurice M. Minton's "Country Lanes and City Pavements," we expected that it would prove to be one of this kind. As we have not had anything for a good while to criticise severely, we rather welcomed it, for it is a relief sometimes to cut up a book. We confess, however, after reading this one through, that it is a good deal better than many a novel that makes more pretensions. The style in which it is written is not always as good as it might be, and there is a considerable infusion of melodrama, but the plot of the book is a good one, and some of its scenes are very well described. Incidentally, it gives a picture of the inside workings of the New York Herald office that is the most complete thing of the kind that we have anywhere seen. On the whole, it is a true picture, too. It does not give one a very pleasing idea of metropolitan newspaper life, and there are some papers in New York where the methods described here do not prevail; but on the other hand, there are several of the New York offices where substantially these methods do prevail, and where the lives of editors and reporters are pretty systematically made a burden to them.

The cast of characters in this drama is as follows:

Harwood Prang—a newspaper man on the New York Herald.
Old Man Fanshaw—a farmer in Berkshire county.
James Lawrence Poultney—a New York swell.
Silas Cook—a hired man.
James Gordon Bennett—proprietor of The Herald.
The Rev. Dr. Friday—editor of The Herald.
Egan—city editor of The Herald.
Patience, Prudence and Charity—daughters of Fanshaw.
Mrs. Cook—mother of Silas.
Newspaper men, cabmen, policemen, etc., etc., etc.

Fanshaw is an old farmer who has accumulated by saving and foreclosing. At the opening of the story, his daughter Patience has gone off to New York with an artist against her father's will. Prudence is like Patience, and after a while she goes to New York too, to see life. The way in which she sees it constitutes the bulk of the story. The whole book is highly dramatic, and would work up well for the stage. Prudence is a rather remarkable character, and her part, in the hands of a capable actress, would be very telling. Charity is sweet and pretty, but the interest of the book is in Prudence—and, for newspaper men, in The Herald office.

Harwood Prang is as good a novel newspaper man as one often finds in a story. About the poorest character in the book, artistically speaking, is Seth A[illegible], the young farmer who loves Prudence, and whose part is intended to be a very strong one. As a whole, the story is much better worth reading than the great majority of "railway novels."

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Kipling has been highly honored. A London suburban street, which once bore the name of the great Admiral Nelson, has been renamed after him.

Mr. Crawford's "Katharine Lauderdale" was published on March 20. On March 27 two editions, of over ten thousand copies each, had been sold, and a third was on the press.

The editor of the English Public Opinion since 1882 has been Mr. Perry White, the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin." The success of his first novel has induced Mr. White to write another, which will also be in autobiographical form.

Since Lord Rosebery became Premier there has been a good demand in England for his volume on Pitt, in the English Statesmen series. During March it was one of the best selling books that the shops had. The book was reviewed in these columns about a year ago. It is a good one of its kind.

Mr. Oscar Browning, the scope of whose Italian studies is shown in his article on Dante in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is out with a book on the age of Dante, bearing the very attractive title, "Guelphs and Ghibellines: A Short History of Mediæval Italy from 1250 to 1409."

It is always interesting to have the opinion of one novelist about another novelist's work, and this is what Mr. Marion Crawford says in the April Book Review about Mrs. Ward's "Marcella": "A very remarkable and complete piece of work, embodying a startling picture of modern England, which we Americans must accept however reluctantly, as true, but which we can have no reticence at all in admiring sincerely for its breadth, its feeling, and the consummate detail of its execution."

The May North American Review has several articles of interest, conspicuous among which are two by George Parsons Lathrop and Bishop Doane, on "Hostility to Roman Catholics," and two by Sarah Grand and "Ouida" on "The New Woman" and "The Man of the Moment," respectively. These latter are both spicy and readable. Mrs. Grand apparently detests any human being who is so unfortunate as to wear trousers, and Miss de la Ramee has no use for the large majority of her own sex. There is an article also by Governor Tillman of South Carolina on the whisky rebellion in that State—an article which shows that the Governor knows how to write as well as talk. Edward Everett Hale contributes a paper on the new "Life of Christ," which was noticed in these columns last Sunday. "Silver Dick" Bland writes of "The Hopes of Free Silver." He hopes for a reconstructed Democracy of the South and West, with a platform of "free trade and free silver." Among the eight or ten other articles the most notable is that by Sir Charles Dilke on Lord Rosebery's administration.

Madame Belloc, who knew George Eliot well, says that she was "the living incarnation of English Dissent. She had 'chapel' written in every line of the thoughtful, somewhat severe face—not the flourishing Dissent of Spurgeon or Parker, or the florid kindliness of Henry Ward Beecher, or the culture of Stopford Brooke, but the Dissent of Jonathan Edwards; of Philip Henry, of John Wesley, as he was ultimately forced to be—everything about her, to me, suggested Bunyan in his Bedford prison, or Mary Bosanquet watched by Fletcher of Madeley as she bore the pelting of the stones in the streets of Northampton."

Miss Beatrice Harraden, whose early arrival in this country was announced by the Lounger in last week's Critic, will spend several months on a Californian fruit farm, in search of health. She is a member of a musical and artistic family, the daughter of a man of scientific attainments, and a champion of the higher education of women and of woman's suffrage. The Critic's London correspondent referred some time ago to her loss of the use of her right hand. It may be of interest to add that she is too nervous for dictation, dislikes a typewriter, and consequently is obliged to write with the left hand. "Ships that Pass in the Night" was written in this way, as was her new book, issued by the Putnams.

Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, was observed in the usual way at Stratford-on-Avon. A number of wreaths were placed upon his tomb, and the boys attending the school in which he was educated paid tribute to his memory. The customary celebration at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre began with "Much Ado About Nothing," to be followed on other evenings by "The School for Scandal," "Richard III," "As You Like It," and "King Henry IV," Pt. II., on Friday and Saturday evening and Saturday afternoon.

Although there have been a great many book auctions during the past fall and winter, Mr. Bangs says that none of them has been owing to the hard times. No book-collectors have been so pinched by the stringency in the money market that they have felt obliged to sell out their libraries. All that have been sold at Mr. Bangs's auction rooms have been sold to close estates, and would have been brought under the hammer even in the best of times. For the books that have been sold, good prices have been given, all of which goes to show that, while books may be luxuries to some people, they are necessaries to others; and people will have necessaries even in hard times.

With one feature of Mr. Bell's new bill we are in hearty sympathy—the restriction of immigration. With the rest of the bill we have no sympathy. Mr. Bell wants the Coxey programme put into operation—wants the government to make roads, build new telegraph lines, and undertake various enormous public works at a cost of many millions of dollars, for the avowed purpose of finding work for the unemployed. It is no part of the business of Congress to furnish work in this manner. It can start factories and mills and make general business prosper by killing the tariff bill and enacting proper financial legislation, and thus indirectly it can and should furnish employment to workingmen, but it has no business to begin a vast system of public works at the nation's expense simply to furnish a pretext for supporting at government expense a vast horde of men most of whom do not want to work at anything, and would soon be dissatisfied if they were given positions under the government which required them to do anything more than draw their salaries.

It seems to us that the executive committee of the State league made a mistake in not granting charters to those Denver clubs that applied for them. According to the constitution of the State league, any club which organizes properly, and adopts the proper constitution and declaration of principles, should be granted a charter. An appeal will no doubt be carried up to the national organization when it meets in Denver next month, and we rather think that these clubs will then be admitted.

Now the Washington correspondents say that Mr. Cleveland is in favor of the income tax, and is going to put his ponderous shoulder to the wheel and push it through the Senate, as he did the silver purchase repeal bill. We congratulate the Populists on their new recruit. Now that he has come over to their views, perhaps they will support him next time directly, instead of indirectly, as they did last time.

[illegible]

Walter Wellman Writes About His Canine Teams.

THEY WERE SECURED AT LIEGE.

Fifty-three Beasts of Burden at an Average Price of 40 Francs Apiece—How the People of Western Europe Use Them In Place of Horses.

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BERGEN, Norway, April 23.—It is a genuine pleasure to be able to report that the Wellman north polar expedition is moving along in good order. I was about to say "moving quietly along," but how could a party composed of a quartet of live Americans and 53 Belgian dogs do anything quietly? Our dogs have been a nine days' wonder over in Europe—we and the dogs together. We have been the innocent cause of so much astonishment among the natives in two or three countries and have attracted so much attention en route that we scarcely know whether we are running a polar expedition or a circus. Not [illegible] the old fashioned country circus, flitting from town to town between midnight and morn, [illegible] more hustle to the square inch than we have had since leaving London. We went straight to Liege, Belgium, being led thither by the kind interest in the dog part of our project which had been taken by Colonel Nicholas Smith, American consul. We had had correspondence with the consul concerning the use of Belgian draft dogs in the arctic, and his opinion, given after a year of close observation of the animals, confirmed the conclusion which the writer had reached as a result of his own investigations in Europe last summer. Colonel Smith had made an official report on the use of draft dogs in Belgium which attracted attention all over the world, especially in the United States, in which he showed beyond question the enormous industrial value of these faithful animals. In the United States he pointed out that there are about 7,000,000 dogs, living in idleness more or less luxurious. These millions of animals contribute nothing whatever to the wealth of the country. They toil not, neither do they spin. Estimating the strength of a dog at 500 pounds, a low estimate, Colonel Smith figured out that in these 7,000,000 dogs America has an idle force of 3,500,000,000 pounds, or a power which, like faith, if once exercised, could move mountains.

Colonel Smith's argument in favor of the use of draft dogs on the streets of our American cities was convincing enough, but we were interested in the draft hound as an arctic and not as an industrial beast of burden. In reply to our inquiries Consul Smith wrote as follows:

"I have no doubt these Belgian dogs will suit you to a nicety. They easily draw a thousand pounds over the rough block pavements which prevail here. They are quick in their movements, very tractable, as easily guided as one's own nose, and are not subject to fits. Their feet, never tender, toughen with usage, and they can easily endure such cold as you expect to encounter in the arctic summer. They are tougher than either donkeys or mules. You know a foxhound will in a day run two or three horses down, and these hounds have a lot of equal bottom in harness. They are nominally fed on horseflesh and black bread, though the meat is often left out of their bill of fare. A half pound of bread, the cost of which is a cent, saturated in broth of any kind, is regarded by the dogs as a sop fit for Cerberus. A ration costing 2 cents and weighing one half pound would be a liberal allowance per day."

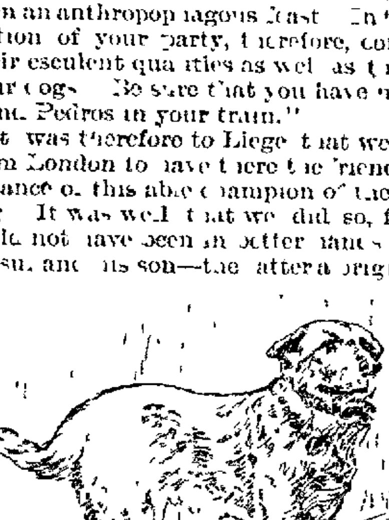
We had asked Colonel Smith to give his opinion of the draft dog as an article of food for men in case we should be reduced to the extremity of eating our friends in the arctic, and he replied in the following racy fashion:

"As to the dog's edibility, you know he is the piece de resistance of all Celestial dinner tables, and I can only ascribe our American love of free lunches to a mild form of rabies that [illegible] comes from the biter being bitten. Be assured of the wholesomeness of his flesh. The question of appetite for him you can safely postpone till the roast is served. You remember how Juan's spaniel,

'Spite of his enticing,
Was killed and portioned out for eating.

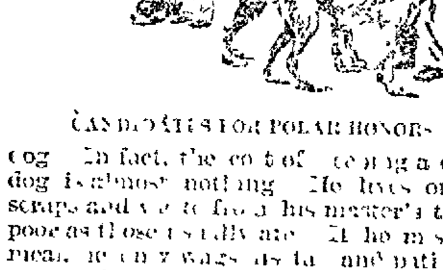
"They do say there is a sauce prepared in the arctic regions so much more piquant than caviare or chutnee that it savors even an anthropophagous feast. In the selection of your party, therefore, consider their esculent qualities as well as those of your dogs. Be sure that you have no reverend Pedros in your train."

It was therefore to Liege that we went from London to have there the friendly assistance of this able champion of the draft dog. It was well that we did so, for we could not have been in better hands. The consul and his son—the latter a bright ad of 16 who [illegible] is simply that of his maternal grandfather, Horace Greeley, not Horace Greeley Smith, but with the last name dropped—were at our service, and in a large city containing only half a dozen English speaking persons, and several thousands of dog owners, dog dealers, commissionnaires and other vampires who think every American a rich, fat pigeon to be neatly plucked, this was a tremendous advantage.


FRITHJOF, OUR FAVORITE DOG.

There was no lack of dogs. The streets were full of them. More dogs than horses were seen in use upon the thoroughfares. Fully two-thirds of the light traffic of Liege, as of all the Belgian, Dutch, west German and Swiss cities, are carried on with dogs as motive power. Those members of our party who had never seen the draft dog in use were simply amazed at his strength. They could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw a little beast trudging briskly along with a cart containing half a long ton of coal and pulling in his collar as if he loved his work. Early in the morning the streets looked like a dog show. The butchers, the bakers, the coal dealers, the milk peddlers, the grocers, every conceivable sort of light delivery wagon was drawn by dogs. Most of them were attended by bareheaded women. Some of the carts had one dog, others two or three dogs. Market women came in from the suburbs with their carts heavily laden. Laundresses used dogs to deliver their bulky packages. In Belgium and Holland the dog is above all things the friend of the woman. In fact, it is an axiom there that dogs, horses and women are the beasts of burden, and it is only by standing on the streets of one of these cities early in the morning that one is able to realize how much help the little beasts are to the overworked mothers and daughters of the lower classes.

The draft dog is a tremendous factor in the social economy of western Europe. In all light work he is equal to a horse and costs but one-fifteenth as much for the original outlay, and only one-sixth the cost of keeping a horse will suffice for a dog. In fact, the cost of keeping a draft dog is almost nothing. He lives on the scraps and waste from his master's table, poor as those usually are. If he misses a meal, he only wags his tail and patiently awaits the next. Grocers and other dealers who found their delivery approaching bankruptcy on account of the cost of maintaining delivery wagons drawn by horses changed to dog power and grew rapidly rich. The carts used for dogs cost much less than wagons suitable for horses. The harness for the smaller animal is a mere trifle. A dog needs neither shoes nor stable. He requires no care. And he will take his load of a thousand pounds and trudge along with it at a smart gait all the day long. After we get through with this north pole business, if we ever do, we think of taking a shipload of draft dogs to America and thus teach our countrymen the use of a new motive power. So far as that is concerned, the millions of idle dogs in America should be set to work. A little training would convert the great majority of them into useful draft animals. It is high time our lazy old dogs were taught a few new tricks.


CANDIDATES FOR POLAR HONORS.

These Belgian draft dogs are of no special breed. They are conglomerates. If there is any type among them, it is the long eared foxhound, though a pure pedigree is almost unknown. Their value consists not of blood or of breeding, but of the uses to which they are put, though it must be true that the employment of generation after generation for draft is gradually developing not only mental aptitude for work, so to speak, but physical adaptability to pulling heavy loads. If the thousands of men who devote their energies to the breeding of dogs for beauty, ugliness, for the chase or for pets were to turn their attention for a few decades to the production of a breed for draft, they might evolve a dog that could pull 2,000 pounds, or as much as an ordinary horse, and in so doing they would give the world a new power that would possess almost as great an importance industrially as electricity. Already the mere circumstance of use has in western Europe produced a dog with extraordinarily tough feet, heavily muscled legs, sinewy shoulders—a dog which gets himself down low to the ground and pulls like a mule. And this is the result of the chance of mere use without [illegible] the design of skillful interbreeding of hounds, mastiffs and [illegible] dogs.

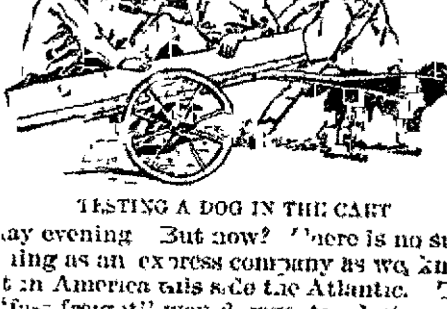
The special advantages which these dogs possess for our use in the arctic consists of their strength, which is greater than that of the Eskimo or Siberian dog; of their tractability, which is such that one team will follow another even without a driver; of their immunity from the epidemics which carry off so many of the packs heretofore used in the arctics, and of their ability to get along with so little food. We have been asked about a million times if these dogs can withstand the cold of the arctics, and about a half million times we have replied that the summer of the arctics has no severe cold, and we have further explained that the two most adaptable animals of the world are the two which we are taking with us—men and dogs. These are the creatures that are able to pass in a single season from equatorial heat to arctic cold without suffering ill effects from the violent transition. Whatever a man can endure a dog can withstand, and not much depends upon the breed in either case. Payer had with him on his sledge journeys in Franz Josef Land four or five swarthy Italians, and they endured 40 degrees below zero without a murmur. Nor are we the first to take European dogs to the arctics. Payer had with him in Franz Josef Land a number of dogs from Vienna, and he testifies that they were of more service to him, even in extreme cold, than the Siberian animals which he had with him. The only trouble with his European dogs, he explained, was that they had not been trained to draft. In this respect our pack is ideal.

We made great sport buying our dogs in Liege. Besides, we gave the lazy Liegois such a shock of astonishment as they had never before experienced. We arrived there on a Monday morning. To avoid bulling a market in which we were the only buyers we caused the report to be spread that we wanted a dozen dogs, though to our friends we confessed that we wanted half a hundred. Moreover, we wanted them quickly. A few dog experts were called into consultation. "Yes, you can get 50 dogs here," they said, "but it will take you three weeks to do it." This would not do for our expedition that is to make its dash toward the pole in the space of a single summer, and we gently suggested that three days and not three weeks would be more in our line. "Impossible, monsieur!" But we thought we would try it. That American confidence in the power of gold and hustle combined has not yet been beaten out of us. We organized our forces for a dog campaign that was to be short, sharp and decisive. Consul Smith gave us good advice and told Kentucky stories which made even the dogs laugh and coax their masters for the privilege of staying with us. Young Horace Greeley developed energy and shrewdness worthy the great name which he bears. Mr. Dodge, with Mr. Winship, a young English engineer living in Liege and who is now a member of our polar party, opened headquarters at a stable. A huntsman was hired to go out and run in dogs. Half a dozen commissionnaires, dog dealers and other agents were hired for the same purpose. Advertisements were put in the daily papers which over here are written one day, the type set the second and the forms put to press on the third, so that our advertisements appeared about the time we were ready to leave town.

There were plenty of dogs to sell. Streams of dogs ran down all the thoroughfares leading to our mart. Men, women and children were the conductors. They came singly, in pairs, triplets and quartets. It seemed that every mother's son and father's daughter in Liege had heard we were Americans who wanted to buy dogs, and being Americans were, of course, full of shekels and softness. At any rate, the price of dogs took a sudden and appalling upward bound. Dirty brindle pups that ordinarily were worth 20 francs were put to us for a hundred. Really good dogs were priced at hundreds of francs, and great was the wrath on the countenances of the owners when a 200 franc tender was met with a counter proposal of 30. Fond expectations of getting out of the Americans as the price of one dog enough money to maintain a whole family for a twelvemonth were rudely and quickly shattered, though not without an almost endless gabble and chatter in French and Walloon, the voices of the disconsolate and suspicious dogs swelling the din. As soon as these notions about fancy prices and flowing American gold had been dispelled the negotiations reached a common sense level. Almost with tears in their eyes owners dropped from a hundred francs by easy stages to half a hundred and then on down to 40, or even lower, accompanied by grimaces and contortions resembling the great American process of pulling teeth. The average price paid was a little under 40 francs.

One dog mart was a picture. A courtyard surrounded by stables; plenty of dealers; dogs in long rows; all hands, human and canine, trying to talk together and succeeding almost all the time; an occasional show of paper money at the conclusion of a transaction in pups, bringing a dense and unsavory crowd round the central figures; now and then a dog fight or a series of wordy combats between owners, and in the midst of all this din Mr. Dodge, calm and critical, watching everybody and everything and occasionally giving vent to his feelings by telling some one or other to go to the hot place, a perfectly safe bit of advice when given in the English tongue. The dog sellers soon perceived that Mr. Dodge could not be fooled. He carefully examined the feet of the animals offered him, took up each individual leg and searched it for fractures and ailments, looked in every mouth and had every dog hitched to a cart and tested as to his strength and tractability. More than one man or woman who had been tempted by needed money to dispose of the household pet and cart companion bade good by to Leon or Blanche, or Bowpier or Medor, or whatever the beast's name was by means of an affectionate though moist farewell kiss upon the nose of the sacrificed canine.

At the end of the third day 53 dogs, satisfactory in size and other particulars, were tied up in our stables. How many of them were stolen from their rightful owners we never will know. We had at least the satisfaction of showing the Belgians what American hustle can do when it sets to work in earnest. Next came the question of transportation. We wanted to put those dogs on board a steamer which was to sail from Rotterdam for Bergen Thursday evening. But how? There is no such thing as an express company as we know it in America this side the Atlantic. The "fast freight" would run to Rotterdam, 150 miles, in four days. A special car could not be attached to a passenger train for love or money because the cars did not have air brakes. The railways being under government control, a special train could not be arranged for without about a week's correspondence with the authorities. But there was one way out of the difficulty, and this was suggested by a railway official merely as an illustration of their methods of doing business and without the faintest idea that we should adopt it. Great was his surprise and the amazement of the people when we caught at his suggestion, made passengers of our dogs, bought a third class ticket for each and every one of them, put a dozen men at work making boxes and boxing up our beasts and rode in triumph and four special cars from Liege to Rotterdam Thursday afternoon.


TESTING A DOG IN THE CART.

Our dogs filled the deck of the Ingerid. And on the voyage through the North sea a fog came on, with extraordinary results. Captain Lever blew his fog whistle, and first one dog and then another took it up and echoed its long, plaintive note until the whole pack were singing the mournful air with their contributions. When the dogs first took up the chorus, Captain Lever thought other steamers were answering his warning, and when a dozen canine foghorns blew he said to himself, with a true sailor's cuss word, that never before in all his experience had he known so many steamers to be gathered near together in the North sea and rang the bell to have the Ingerid's engines stopped.

And this is how we bought our pack of draft hounds in Belgium and brought them on to Norway.

WALTER WELLMAN.

Scotland's Strength.

Speaking of the "Songs of Scotland," Professor Blackie said there were two things which gave the Scottish people soul—their national song and their national pulpit. There had been for many a long year a gulf between piety and gayety. Scotsmen were in danger of forgetting or not sufficiently admiring these two expressions of their highest national life, their sermons and their songs. Why? Because they were joined to a mighty man called John Bull, who, poor fellow, was married to a rich wife and was very much afraid that she might become the man and he the maid.

The prevailing power of centralization led them not to look back to their noble past, to Bannockburn, Drumclog, Bothwell and Sanquhar, but to look to London. And what did they get when they looked to London? A glare. If they wanted to preserve their usual grandeur, they ought to preserve their Scottish songs and Scottish sermons.—Westminster Budget.

Women Missionaries in Africa.

The missionaries in Africa count the work of one woman worth that of 12 men, since women can go anywhere, even among the fiercest tribes. Their motives are never questioned, and they are listened to with the greatest respect.—Church at Home and Abroad.

CENTRAL PARK WORK.

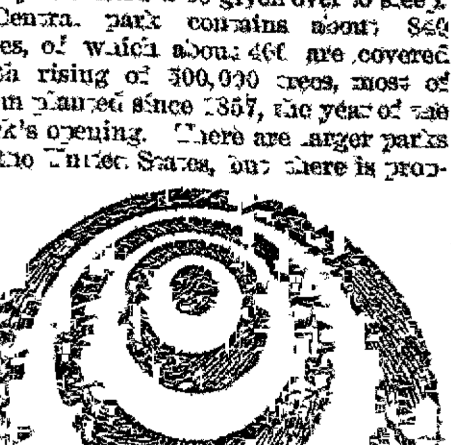
HOW NEW YORK'S GREAT PLEASURE GROUND IS MAINTAINED.

The Experience and Sentiments of a Remarkable Landscape Gardener—Something About Ornamental Trees, Flower Beds and Shrubs.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 3.—It takes about 300 men all the working hours of the rather more than 300 secular days of the year to keep up the beauty of Central park, the biggest pleasure ground of the biggest city in America. These men are directed by Superintendent Parsons of the New York park department, who finds that his duties have a tendency to absorb all his waking hours, including many that should be given over to sleep.

Central park contains about 840 acres, of which about 460 are covered with rising of 300,000 trees, most of them planted since 1857, the year of the park's opening. There are larger parks in the United States, but there is probably none to the beautifying of which more money or more intelligent care has been devoted. Though Superintendent Parsons is obliged to give much attention to the many smaller parks, by far the greater portion of his time is taken up in the care of this magnificent area of sward and grove, of shaded walks and pleasant driveways, of picturesque arbors and burnished water sheets.


FLOWER BED.

The Force Employed.

"It is almost impossible," he said to me the other day, "to separate the work done in Central park entirely from that performed in the other parks and squares, but there are employed, for what we term general maintenance purposes in Central park—that is, making and keeping it beautiful—about 200 laborers, 40 drivers, 30 gardeners, 15 carpenters and 10 skilled workmen. These are the average figures. They change from time to time, of course, and this year are a little in excess of the usual number, though but slightly. A million dollars, it will be remembered, were appropriated to be expended in the parks so that work could be given to some of the unemployed of this city. This million has been used principally for new works, the general maintenance expenses being about the same as usual."

One of the most important and difficult of all the tasks that have fallen to the superintendent of parks has been to produce and maintain a smooth, even, velvety turf. That is one of the things they can do much better in England than here, but it is not the fault of American gardeners. It is rather the fault of the American climate. There is more moisture in the air in England than here, and there are not nearly so many sudden changes from very wet to very dry. A prolonged soil drying drought is almost entirely unknown there, whereas it may be looked for here almost every year, there being very few localities in the United States where a smooth, green turf can be maintained without artificial watering. Central park is one of the hardest of tracts on which to maintain good turf, for in addition to the scorching dryness which is felt there in summer as elsewhere in this country the soil is deficient in natural richness, and much of it is very shallow, rock being found at a depth of from one to three feet under several considerable areas of carefully tended turf. Many experiments with many varieties of grasses have been patiently made, and many more will be made until the very best possible variety has been discovered and the very best quality of turf attainable produced. But, no matter how intelligent the care or how hardy and admirable the variety of grass, nothing will keep the turf in good order but plenty of judicious artificial watering during dry seasons.

Practical Botany.

This careful watering has to be extended, of course, to the flowers, of which great quantities are grown within the confines of Central park. In truth, it may be said that Mr. Parsons' chief concern during the season of flowers is their arrangement and cultivation. Although he has the assistance of some of the most competent gardeners in the country, he has found it necessary himself thoroughly to master the science of botany in a practical way. This does not mean that he has devoted a great deal of time and quantities of gray matter to the propagation of hybrids and other floral freaks and prodigies, for that is just the thing not to do in his case. It is required of him that for the money placed at his disposal to be devoted to flower raising the people shall be furnished with the greatest possible amount of floral beauty.

"My experience has taught me," he said the other day, "that the number of elements in any pleasing prospect is surprisingly small, and I have directed almost all the energies of the park gardeners, in accordance with that truth, to the production of, comparatively speaking, a very few varieties of standard flowers. Those used most by us early in the season are tulips and pansies and geraniums and daisies, of which we plant enormous quantities. We also use in great profusion plants that are valuable because of the decorative qualities of their foliage. A great deal of care is expended also upon the designing of our flower beds and borders, and while we seek to obtain symmetrical forms to a certain degree we make it a point to avoid as far as possible all stiffness and conventionality. That is why in laying out a circular bed we do not adopt concentric circles of various hued flowers, but rather arrange the beds of blooms eccentrically," and Mr. Parsons sketched in my notebook a figure or two which I have reproduced here to illustrate what he meant. The first figure shows his idea of the treatment of a circular bed planted with tulips, and the second one the arrangement of flowers in a segment of the big circle around the Union square fountain, not located in Central park, to be sure, but which receives a good deal of his attention and in the season is one of the most beautiful floral displays known. It will be seen that, though the designs are made according to well conceived plans, they do not in any degree possess the abhorred qualities of stiffness and formality.

Water Plants.

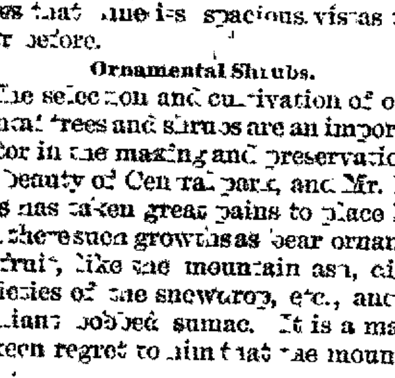
Much attention is also given to the maintenance of ponds and lakes and water plants. All of the latter that are extensively cultivated in Central park are either lilies or lotuses, lotuses largely predominating. It was interesting to me to know that while some American varieties of the lotus are cultivated successfully and effectively here the true oriental lotus is found to be best fitted for the conditions that obtain in the fountains and lakes of the park system of New York. It was for a long time supposed that this plant was of so tender a nature as to make it necessary to house it during the cold months in this latitude.

One winter, however, a large number of the eastern lotus plants growing in a small pond were forgotten. The next year, greatly to the surprise of every one, they grew with greater luxuriance than ever. Every year since they have increased in strength and number, and it is more than likely that within two or three years they will completely choke the little lake at the bottom of which they are rooted. It may not be generally known that, although this variety of the lotus is undoubtedly identical with the plant held in such great esteem by the ancient Egyptians, it is now rarely seen in the land of the lower Nile. It flourishes best in India and Japan.

The arbors of Central park have always been an important and pleasing feature of the place. The wistaria lends itself admirably to the decoration of arbors, and Mr. Parsons believes that the purple flowered vine will this year be seen to better advantage than ever before. He also expects unusual effect this year in wild flowers, which, scattered here and there upon the brilliant green of the well kept turf, so delight the eyes of visitors, whether New Yorkers or from out of town. It is not suspected, probably, by a third of those whose sense of beauty and the fitness of things is ministered to by the presence of these modest blooms that they were not planted by the hand of nature, but are the result of Mr. Parsons' taste and patient labor. He has made a specialty of larkspurs and the hardy, old fashioned plants that our grandmothers loved so well and called everlastings. These thrive in stony soils, and Mr. Parsons has caused a certain ridge of rock near One Hundred and Third street to be almost covered with them, the effect being very charming indeed. The magnificent pathway that is so popular a place of resort in the center of the park and is known as the Mall will also be more beautiful than ever the coming summer. There will be more fountains, every piece of ironwork and woodwork is being freshly painted, and there will be a greater profusion of roses in the vases that line its spacious vistas than ever before.

Ornamental Shrubs.

The selection and cultivation of ornamental trees and shrubs are an important factor in the making and preservation of the beauty of Central park, and Mr. Parsons has taken great pains to place here and there such growths as bear ornamental fruit, like the mountain ash, divers varieties of the snowdrop, etc., and the brilliant bobbed sumac. It is a matter of keen regret to him that the mountain ash does not do as well in Central park as in some other localities. It seems to be especially liable there to attacks from those insects that are its enemies, and its general growth is not so vigorous as could be wished. The laborers employed in Central park are divided into seven gangs, each one being under the direction of a section boss whose duty it is to see that the turf, the walks and roadways in his section are kept in order. Working in connection with each of these gangs of men are two gardeners, but they are directed in their work by a general head gardener and are liable at any time to be temporarily transferred from the section to which they are attached to some other section where they may be more needed for the time being. The carpenters work together or separately, according to circumstances, but independently of the section gangs. It is the duty of the man who has them in charge to see that the various buildings, of which there are about 40 in the park, and the arbors and the benches are kept in repair. In winter a great deal of work is done in the park greenhouses, and practically all the men spoken of are kept busy the year round.


FORM OF FLOWER BED.

J. D. MARSHALL.

THE REALM OF STYLE.

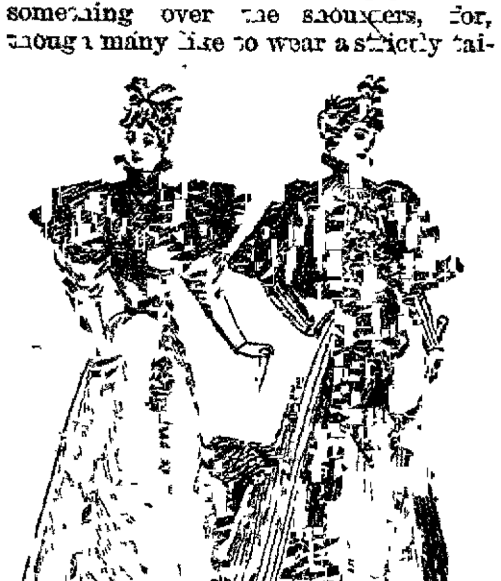
SOME NEW FANCIES FOR WARM WEATHER WRAPS.

They Are Not Intended For Warmth, but For Looks—Black Spanish Lace—Some New Skirts—Pretty Dresses For Little Girls.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, May 3.—I think we ought to be glad that the spring wraps and mantles are not so burdened around the neck and shoulders with ruffles as they were, for though we might call those thick plaited or sprung ruffles stylish we could not call them refined. They stood up so squarely and looked so stiff that nothing but the fact that they were "stylish" could have reconciled us to them.

The wraps now to be worn are not intended for warmth, but simply to have something over the shoulders, for, though many like to wear a strictly tailor suit, many others have a shrinking dislike to appear on the street "in their figures," as they used to call it. For such are the graceful and womanly little mantles made of lace and silk and decorated with all sorts of pretty fancies. One seen yesterday was very dainty. It was of black surah with a polka dot in swivel pattern at intervals. There was a high, pointed velvet collar, edged with jet beads. This collar was slashed into three points, front and back, and the intervening spaces were filled in with surah. The surah was cut in a deep ruffle and plaited only on the top of the shoulder, and it was edged with jet trimming. Beneath this was a fall of lace. There was a tab of the surah hanging in jabot fashion, and on each point there was a small bow of black ribbon. The whole wrap was extremely pretty and could be worn over any gown and to any place.

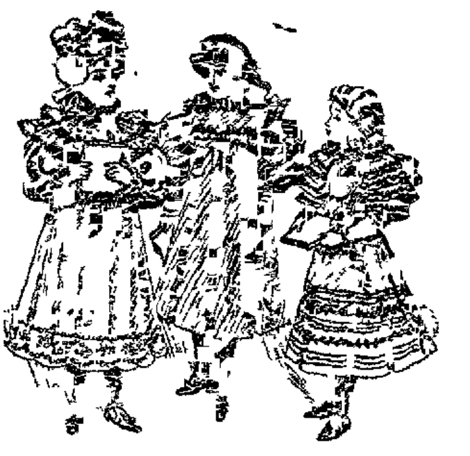

NOVELTIES IN SPRING GARMENTS.

Another handsome wrap had a round flat collar of black faille sewed with jet ornaments. Above this a lace ruff stood up to the chin, and from the lower edge there fell a full cape of black Spanish lace 18 inches deep. There were two jabot tabs in front made of the faille doubled, and this was sewed with jet beads in a palm leaf pattern, ending in picquets. The lady who wore this wrap had two panels made of two lengths of black lace set on the sides of her gown, which was of chaudron and brown striped taffeta. This gave the effect of tabs to the bottom, and though I am not quite certain I think they were postiche, as I am sure I saw a black safety pin. I mention this because it gave a much more elaborate effect than the wrap would have had without them.

Black Spanish lace is very rich and is cheaper than I have ever seen it. There are also excellent imitations which give good wear, and which are used very lavishly on many handsome garments.

Some of the skirts are cut to resemble the old overskirts that used to be draped in festoons, and some are trimmed to appear like overskirt draping. I remember one gown of cigale green twilled silk that had bands of bias black velvet arranged down the seams and backward in a manner to suggest overlapping breadths, the whole forming an overskirt reaching almost to the bottom in the back. Across the front at the bottom was a band of black velvet laid flat, with two rolled bands of gray velvet at the edges. It made a striking dress, but not one to my taste. There are other people in the world besides myself, and it may suit some one of the others.

Let me refresh myself with telling about the wee girls. A very pretty little suit was made of Quaker drab cassimere trimmed with white lace and feather stitching. There were two wide ruffles around the shoulders, and there was a flaring shirred hood of drab surah, with cherry ribbon and a shaded plume. There was a homefrock of olive green camel's hair, with plaits laid to a square yoke, and with black lace insertion put flat as trimming. The plaits were from top to bottom and were tacked only to the waist. Another frock was of pale blue delaine, also plaited to a yoke. The skirt was trimmed with nine rows of black soutache in clusters of three, and between them were two rows of fancy stitching. The upper parts of the sleeves had four ruffles, each with a row of fancy feather stitching, with one line of soutache brought directly in the center of the needlework. All three of these little frocks are models in design and fitness.


THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

OLIVE HARPER.

THE RAMAH AFFAIR.

Joseph Eder Shot the Wrong Woman and Then Committed Suicide.

Coroner Marlow returned last evening from Ramah, where he was called to investigate the death by shooting, referred to in yesterday's Gazette. He managed to put in a hard day's work, as he rode over 130 miles, investigated a man's death, superintended the making of his coffin, buried him, settled up his estate and yet got home for supper. The facts in the shooting are about as follows: Joseph Eder was a Bavarian aged about 42 years. Some time ago he rented the ranch of Mrs. Birdsinger, near Ramah. This lady it will be remembered was widowed some two years ago by her husband being struck by lightning. She lives there with her mother, Mrs. Eliza R. Riech, aged about 60 years. Eder fell in love with Mrs. Birdsinger and wanted her to marry him but she refused to listen to his suit. He made frequent threats that he would kill himself. Tuesday afternoon he got a gun loaded with buckshot and said to the women that he was going to shoot himself. They decided that he meant that time and Mrs. Riech said to her daughter that she had better call the Mexican who worked for them and have him take the gun away. Mrs. Birdsinger was standing by the stove in the kitchen and stepped to a window to speak to the Mexican and her mother moved over to the stove where she had been standing. Eder had just stepped outside the door. He whirled suddenly and let fire a charge from the gun in the direction where he supposed Mrs. Birdsinger was standing. A ball hit the elder woman and cut into her throat and tore away a part of her ear. She was quite seriously wounded. Eder then placed the gun under his right jaw and pulled the trigger. The face and a part of the head were torn away and he died instantly. The neighbors left him as he fell until the coroner came.

Dr. Marlow did not hold an inquest and had the man buried. He had about $35 in money and not many effects. Mrs. Reich is to be brought to one of the hospitals in this city for treatment to-day.

Fought With a Razor.

Last evening two women, living near the negro billiard hall on Huerfano street, engaged in a fight and one of them was somewhat cut with a razor. The exact facts in the case could not be learned. The negro woman who did the cutting is named Alice Williams and the one who was injured is said to be part Mexican and part negro. Her home is usually at Colorado City. The two women were in the same room when the trouble began. They struggled for nearly an hour and the clothing was almost cut and torn away from the one that was injured. The Williams woman drew the razor but this was finally broken in the struggle. Dr. Estill was called and dressed the wounds but does not regard the injuries as serious. The Williams woman managed to get away and had not been found by the police at a late hour.

Rev. L. L. Taylor has gone to Chicago for a visit of two or three weeks.

Mr. Peter Erickson has been quite ill at his home on North Nevada, for some time.

Evangelist Mysonheimer closed his series of revival services at the First M. E. Church on Sunday last.

Judge Campbell presided in the District court yesterday and transacted a large amount of business in the way of hearing motions.

Dr. Sinton and Mrs. Dwinnell were in Denver on Saturday in attendance on the meeting of trustees of the various State institutions.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hayes and family have returned from their trip to California.

A marriage license was issued Tuesday to Harry E. Somerville and Miss Emilie Sayfert, both of this city.

A number of the Denver hotel men came down Monday night to meet the excursion trains bearing their brethren from the east.

An adverse suit filed Tuesday is entitled John E. Gilligan vs. Jacob Greenwald, being the Sandwich adversing the St. Thomas.

Mrs. M. R. Wooley, mother of Mr. E. S. Wooley, who has spent the winter at The Antlers, left Tuesday evening for her home in Detroit.

Mrs. F. C. Cook of New York has joined her husband at The Antlers, and they will remain for some time as Mr. Cook is interested in Cripple Creek.

Mr. A. D. Jones went to camp Tuesday to let a contract for 200 feet of tunnel for the St. Louis and Cripple Creek company on the tunnel in Mineral hill.

The school election at Colorado City on Monday was quite spirited and resulted in the election of J. M. Jackson for president and Mrs. J. C. Wolfe as treasurer of the board.

Mrs. McGregor, formerly of the Delmonico restaurant, has taken charge of the Woodside cottage. The place has been refurnished and refitted by her, and will be run as a first-class private boarding and lodging house.

Mrs. Sam. Berry and daughter of Leadville, who have been visiting Mrs. W. C. Mosher, left Tuesday for Denver, where they will stop for a few days before returning to their home. Mrs. R. Fogel and son of Leadville are now the guests of Mrs. Mosher.

The "Mikado" matinee to be given in the opera house next Saturday afternoon by the Carleton Opera Company is by special request and will no doubt prove popular with the ladies and children. Only 50 cents admission will be charged and at this low price the opera house should be crowded.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Tuesday afternoon the little daughter of Mr. Myers, manager of the Chain-Hardy store, was playing about the street on a bicycle, when suddenly the machine was turned into a buggy in which Mr. and Mrs. Eyres were riding. The little girl was knocked down and somewhat injured but not seriously.

During the late spring election at Colorado City the W. C. T. U. women joined hands with some of the saloon men in the selection of a ticket and were successful, but it seems that their efforts have not proved of very great benefit as the saloon element still has the upper hand. A petition was presented at the Council meeting Monday night to have the gambling stopped, but it was tabled.

The ball game at the Athletic Park yesterday afternoon between the High School and the Athletic nines was won by the Athletics by a score of 9 to 8. Both teams had been strengthened and the game was in all respects superior to the one played by them a week since. Altman and Hackley of the Athletics and Sumner and Abernathy of the High school did the marked work for their respective sides. Vaux of the High school, had his elbow badly wrenched during the game. Mr. Eugene Carter umpired the match.

Assessor Irvine has been on his official rounds, looking up new properties, improvements, and the like, and he says that the indications of general prosperity are really wonderful. The houses are kept up in good condition, there are almost no houses that are unoccupied—much fewer than is usual at this time of the year, dozens of new houses have been put up, and dozens more are now building. The city was never, so far as real estate is concerned, in as good condition as it is now.

Messrs. Hicks, Sprague and F. E. Johnson, manager of the Newton Lumber company, will visit the camp at Cripple Creek to-day.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Ten cents per line for first insertion; five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements to go in every other issue, ten cents per line for each insertion.

See those Quadruple Silver Tea Sets at Ashby's, cheaper than glass. A special drive—cannot be duplicated. Pay $5 on one and secure it.

A SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding, yields at once to Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50 cts. Druggists or mail. Circulars free. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by F. E. Robinson, Druggist.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Award.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER. 25c.

[illegible]'S CATARRH [illegible]

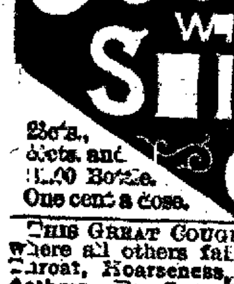
Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. [illegible] Injector free.

FOR SALE BY

F. E. ROBINSON, Druggist.

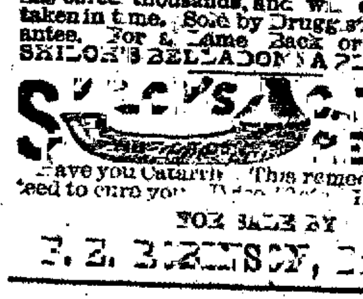
VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.



Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.



DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They act mildly, neither gripe nor sicken as other pills do. To convince you of their merits we will mail samples free, or a full box for 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Bosanko Med. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by F. E. Robinson, Druggist.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Yellow Skin or Kidney Trouble. It is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Price 75c. Sold by F. E. Robinson.

It is probable that Colorado Springs will shortly become the most important point in the west for the buying of horses. The quartermaster-general of the army has recommended that all the horses used in the department of which this State is a part be bought at this point. Colorado Springs would then become a great horse market and large sums of money would necessarily be expended here by the government and others.

Karl's Clover Root, the new Blood Purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation. 25c., 50c. and $1.00. Sold by F. E. Robinson.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.

DIED.

HAEBERLE—In this city, May 8, 1894, at the home of her mother, Mrs. E. B. Pearce, 215 East Vermijo street, Emma L. Haeberle, aged 22 years.

VAN VECHTEN—At West Point, N. Y., May 8, 1894, Abraham Van Vechten of Albany, N. Y., father of Abraham Van Vechten of this city.

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

In raising a family of nine children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective to-day as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitute for it. There's nothing as good.

Sold by F. E. Robinson, Druggist.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Sarah E. Freeman, of El Paso County, Colorado, by her certain trust deed, dated June 1st, 1892, and duly recorded in book 132, page 372, of the records of said county on the same day, did convey to the undersigned Edward F. Wright as trustee, certain real estate mentioned and described in said trust deed as follows: Lot nine (9) in block ninety-two (92), in the city of Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colorado, which conveyance was made in trust to secure to James K. Smith the payment of two principal promissory notes of even date with said trust deed, one for the sum of $500.00 due June 1st, 1893, and one for the sum of $8,500.00 due June 1st, 1895, with interest on each of said notes at the rate of seven per cent per annum, the interest on the first of said principal notes being represented by two interest notes each for the sum of $17.50, payable respectively on December 1st 1892, and June 1st 1893, and the interest on the second of said principal notes being represented by six interest notes each for the sum of $297.50 and payable respectively on December 1st 1892, June 1st and December 1st 1893, June 1st and December 1st 1894 and June 1st 1895, all of said principal and interest notes being executed by the said Sarah E. Freeman, and

Whereas, It was covenanted in said trust deed that the said grantor, her heirs, legal representatives or assigns would, in due season, pay all taxes and assessments against said premises; and

Whereas, It is provided in said trust deed that in case of default in any payments of principal or interest according to the tenor and effect of said notes, or either of them, or any part thereof, or of a breach of any of the covenants or agreements in said trust deed, then and in that case the whole of said principal sum and the interest thereon may at once, at the option of the legal holder of said notes, become due and payable, and the said premises be sold the same as though the whole of said indebtedness had matured; and

Whereas, Said trust deed further provides that in case of default in the payment of said notes, or any part thereof, or the interest thereon, according to the tenor and effect of said notes, or in case of the breach of any of the covenants and agreements therein mentioned, then on the application of the legal holder of said notes, the said trustee shall sell and dispose of said premises as is provided in said trust deed for the purpose of paying said notes, interest, taxes and expenses of executing the said trust; and

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of said first principal note, and of the interest notes due June 1st and Dec. 1st, 1893, and the grantor, her heirs, legal representatives and assigns have failed to pay the taxes for the year 1892, and the first instalment of taxes for the year 1893, and said defaults still continue; and

Whereas, the legal holder of said notes has elected and declared the whole of said principal sum and the interest thereon to the time of sale due and payable; and

Whereas, the said Sarah E. Freeman departed this life on April 29, 1893, and her estate has been, and now is, being administered in the County Court of El Paso county, Colorado, and said court has proved and allowed the above indebtedness against her estate and has granted permission that the said trust deed may be foreclosed and said premises sold according to its provisions,

Now, therefore, at the request of the said James K. Smith, the legal holder of said notes, and by the permission of said court, I, Edward F. Wright, trustee as aforesaid, do hereby give notice that on Monday, the 11th day of June, 1894, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the county clerk's office in Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colorado, I will sell the above described premises and appurtenances, and all the right, title, benefit and equity of redemption of the said Sarah E. Freeman, her heirs, administrators, executors and assigns therein, at public auction, for the highest and best price the same will bring in cash, for the purpose of paying said indebtedness, interest, taxes and the expenses of executing this trust.

Dated at Colorado Springs, Colo., May 9th, 1894.

EDWARD F. WRIGHT, Trustee.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a special execution issued out of the Clerk's office of the County Court of El Paso County and State of Colorado, and to me directed, whereby I am commanded to make the sum of five hundred and thirteen dollars ($513.00) and costs of suit, the amount of a certain judgment recently obtained against E. D. Smith, Daniel Nevitt, C. E. Spinney and [illegible], in favor of G. [illegible] Barnes & Son, by seizing 100,000 shares of the capital stock of the World Mining and Milling company, said property having been heretofore levied upon under an alias writ of attachment,

Therefore, according to said command, I shall expose for sale, at public auction, all the right, title and interest of the above named Daniel Nevitt in and to the above described property, on Monday, the 21st day of May, 1894, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the front (east) door of the court house, in Colorado Springs, county and State aforesaid.

Dated at Colorado Springs this 9th day of May, 1894.

M. F. BOWERS,
Sheriff of El Paso County.
[illegible] WILLIAMS, Attorney.

Date of first publication, May 10th, 1894.
Date of last publication, May 20th, 1894.

[illegible] FREE.

We wish to introduce our System Pills into every home. We know that we manufacture the very best remedy on earth for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Kidney Troubles, Torpid Liver, etc., and that when you have tried these pills you will gladly recommend them to others, or take an agency, and in this way we shall have a large, well-paying demand created.

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NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT HEIRS.

STATE OF COLORADO, } ss.
COUNTY OF EL PASO. }

In the County Court.

To Alfred Blunt, of Northfield, Animo, B.C. and to George Blunt, whose residence is unknown, heirs-at-law of Joseph Blunt, deceased:

Notice is hereby given that on this 12th day of April 1894, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Joseph Blunt was presented for probate by Rebecca Blunt, of Mound City, El Paso county, Colorado, that the residence of said Joseph Blunt at the time of his decease was Mound City, El Paso county, Colorado, and that the property devised by him as described in said will consists of all the worldly possessions of said Joseph Blunt at the time of his death, the same having been devised and bequeathed to his wife, the said Rebecca Blunt. And you are hereby required to attend the probate of said will on Monday the 21st day of May, 1894 in said County Court of El Paso county, at Colorado Springs, in the county and state aforesaid.

Witness, Clay H. White, clerk of said court, and the seal thereof, at Colorado Springs, in said county, this 12th day of April, A. D. 1894.

[SEAL.] CLAY H. WHITE, Clerk.

STATE OF COLORADO, } ss.
EL PASO COUNTY, }

In the County Court, in Probate.

The people of the State of Colorado to Alfarata Morris Harrison, and to the unknown heirs at law of Mrs. Alfarata C. Morris, deceased:

You are notified that an instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Mrs. Alfarata C. Morris, late of Colorado Springs, county of El Paso, state of Colorado, deceased, has been presented to this court by A. B. Williams of Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colo., the executor therein named, together with his petition praying that the same be proved and admitted to probate and record as the true last will and testament of said deceased. Said instrument in writing bequeaths money (the proceeds of real and personal estate to be sold by the executor), jewelry, one promissory note, and all the rest, residue and remainder of the estate of said deceased, real, personal and mixed, wherever found and however situated. That the 11th day of June, A. D. 1894, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, has been set for hearing on the petition for the probate of said will.

And you are hereby notified to be and appear before the county court of El Paso county, Colorado, at the court house in Colorado Springs, at the time above mentioned, then and there to attend the probate of said will before said court; and further to do and perform what shall then by said court be required and adjudged, and hereof fail not.

By order of the court.

Witness, Clay H. White, clerk of the County Court of El Paso county, Colorado, and the seal thereof, at Colorado Springs in said county, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1894.

[Seal.] CLAY H. WHITE, Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a special execution issued out of the Clerk's office of the District Court of El Paso County and State of Colorado, and to me directed, whereby I am commanded to make the sum of six hundred twenty-three and 70-100 dollars ($623.70), and costs of suit, the amount of a certain judgment recently obtained against The Calumet Mining and Milling company in favor of J. W. D. Stovell, Receiver, by selling the "Burns" and "Morning Star" lode mining claims, situate in the Cripple Creek mining district in the county of El Paso and state of Colorado.

Therefore, according to said command, I shall expose for sale, at public auction, all the right, title and interest of the above named The Calumet Mining and Milling company in and to the above described property, on Friday, the 11th day of May, 1894 at 10 o'clock a. m., at the front (east) door of the County Court House in Colorado Springs, El Paso County, Colorado.

Dated at Colorado Springs this 16th day of April, 1894.

M. F. BOWERS,
Sheriff of El Paso County

Date of first publication April 19th, 1894.
Date of last publication May 10th, 1894.
T. A. McMORRIS, Attorney.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of E. St. George Tucker, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed administratrix of the estate of E. St. George Tucker, late of the county of El Paso and State of Colorado, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will appear before the county court of said county, at the court house in Colorado Springs, in said county, at the May term, 1894, on the last Monday in May next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated Colorado Springs, Colo., this 11th day April, A. D., 1894.

ELIZA C. TUCKER,
Administratrix.

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Park Obesity Pills will reduce your weight PERMANENTLY from 12 to 15 pounds a month. NO STARVING, sickness or injury; NO PUBLICITY. They build up the health and beautify the complexion, leaving NO WRINKLES or flabbiness. STOUT ABDOMENS and difficult breathing surely relieved. NO EXPERIMENT but a scientific and positive relief, adopted only after years of experience. All orders supplied direct from our office. Price $2 per package, or three packages for $5, by mail post-paid. Testimonials and particulars (sealed), 2 cents.

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PARK REMEDY COMPANY,
Boston, Mass.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Clerk's office of the County Court of El Paso County and State of Colorado, and to me directed, whereby I am commanded to make the sum of six hundred, seventy-six and thirty-two one-hundredth dollars, ($676.32-100) and costs of suit, the amount of a certain judgment recently obtained against John Erb in favor of the [illegible] Lumber company, out of the lands, tenements, goods and chattels of said John Erb, I have levied on the following property to-wit: A two-story frame bunk house and a one-story frame boarding house, located on the Garfield and Grouse lode Mining claims, situate in the Cripple Creek Mining District, county of El Paso and State of Colorado.

Therefore, according to said command, I shall expose for sale at public auction all the right, title and interest of the above named John Erb, in and to the above described property, on Monday, the 14th day of May 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the above mentioned boarding house in the Cripple Creek Mining District, County and State aforesaid.

Dated at Colorado Springs, this 2nd day of May, 1894.

M. F. BOWERS,
Sheriff of El Paso County.
[illegible], Attorneys.

Date of first publication, May 3rd, 1894.
Date of last publication, May 10th, 1894.

[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

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THE GAZETTE.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, George W. Snider and W. H. Snider, trading as Snider Bros., of the county of El Paso and state of Colorado, by their trust deed dated August 8, A. D. 1889, and recorded October 10, A. D. 1889, in book 111, at page 223, of the records of the office of the county clerk and recorder of El Paso county, Colorado, convey to William J. Palmer, as trustee, and in case of his death, resignation, removal or absence from the state, then to the acting clerk of El Paso county as successor in trust, the following described property, situated in said El Paso county, to-wit: A tract of land lying partly in section three (3), and partly in section ten (10), in township fourteen (14) south, range sixty-seven (67) west, bounded as follows, viz: Commencing at the quarter section corner on the south side of said section three (3) and on the north side of said section ten (10) and running thence north (variation 14° 30' east) ten and 39-100 chains to a red sandstone rock 16 inches long, 8 inches wide, and 3 inches thick, marked E. S.; thence south 80° 30' east five and 90-100 chains to a red sandstone 16 inches long, 6 inches wide and 6 inches thick, marked B. B.; thence south 13° 45' west, twenty and 75-100 chains to a red sandstone 16 inches long, 10 inches wide and 3 inches thick, marked B; thence south 20° west thirty-one and 45-100 chains to a small pile of rocks on the east side of the bluff and in the middle of the south side of the east half of the northwest quarter of said section ten (10); thence west 10 chains to a rock on the southwest corner of the east half of the northwest quarter of said section ten (10); thence north thirty-one and 75-100 chains to a gray granite rock 24 inches long, 8 inches wide, and 6 inches thick, marked 825; thence north 50° 15' east thirteen and 10-100 chains to a sandstone 16 inches long, 6 inches wide and 4 inches thick, marked 987; thence east 9 and 87-100 chains to the place of beginning. Being the same tract of land as was conveyed to Henry Morton by A. Z. Sheldon administrator of the estate of William Blackmore, deceased. Excepting and reserving from the land above described all that portion of the same lying in section three (3), township fourteen (14) south, range sixty-seven (67) west. Also excepting and reserving a tract of land deeded by Henry Morton to the Colorado Stone company, which deed was recorded in book 104 on page 56, El Paso county records, and more fully described as follows: Commencing at a point 852 feet north of the southwest corner of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section ten (10) township fourteen (14) south, range sixty-seven (67) west running thence east 317 feet to a point about 20 feet north of the point of rocks between the two canons; thence south 21° 56' east, 919 5-10 feet to the south east corner of said tract; thence west 660 feet to the said south west corner of the south east quarter of the north west quarter of section ten (10); thence north 852 feet to the place of beginning. (Magnetic variation 13.30 east) which conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of their two certain promissory notes bearing date the 8th day of August 1889, payable to the order of Henry Morton, one for the principal sum of three thousand dollars payable in two years, and one for the principal sum of five thousand dollars payable in five years after the date thereof, with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from date until paid, interest payable semi-annually as evidenced by twelve interest notes, and

Whereas, Said deed of trust provides that in case of default in the payment of said promissory notes, or interest notes according to the tenor and effect thereof or any part thereof or a breach of any of the covenants or agreements contained in said deed of trust, then and in that case the said trustee shall, upon the application of the legal holder of said notes sell the said lands and premises for the purpose of paying the principal of said notes, the interest due thereon, and all expenses connected with the execution of said trust deed, and

Whereas, It is provided in said deed of trust that in case of the death, resignation, removal or absence from the State of the said William J. Palmer then the acting clerk of El Paso county, Colorado, aforesaid shall be and thereupon is appointed and made successor in trust with like full powers and authority as the said William J. Palmer, and

Whereas, The said William J. Palmer has resigned as trustee, and

Whereas, Default has been made in the payment of the principal note for five thousand dollars due the 8th day of August, 1893, and a part of the interest thereon and the same is overdue and still remains unpaid and application having been made to me, the undersigned, Frank W. Howbert, the acting clerk of El Paso county as successor in trust, by the legal holder of said notes to sell the said above described lands and premises in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust.

Now therefore, I, Frank W. Howbert, the acting county clerk of El Paso county, Colorado, successor in trust as aforesaid, do hereby give public notice that in pursuance of such application and under and by virtue of the authority of, and for the purposes expressed in said deed of trust, I will on Friday, the 22d day of June, A. D. 1894, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door (on Nevada avenue) of the court house, in the city of Colorado Springs in the county of El Paso and state of Colorado, sell and dispose of at public auction for the highest and best price the same will bring in cash, all the above described lands and premises, and all the right, title, benefit and equity of redemption of the said George W. Snider and W. H. Snider, trading as Snider Bros., their heirs and assigns therein, for the purpose of paying said promissory note, and all interest due thereon up to the time of said sale, together with the costs and expenses of executing this trust.

FRANK W. HOWBERT,
Successor in trust.

Dated Colorado Springs, Colo., May 9th, 1894.

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BOYS AND GIRLS,

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TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Frederic E. Busby, of the County of Arapahoe and State of Colorado, by his certain deed of trust dated, first day of February 1893, filed for record in the office of the county clerk and recorder of El Paso County, in the State of Colorado, on the fifth day of July 1893, and duly recorded in book 155, page 86, of said records, did convey to the undersigned George M. Dumbleton, Trustee, party of the second part, the following described property, situate in the County of El Paso and State of Colorado, to-wit:

Lot nine (9), in block four (4), in Busby's subdivision of part of block C., Town of Manitou, Colorado, as per plat on file at clerk and recorder's office of said El Paso county, to secure the payment of the promissory note of said first party and one Francis H. Werden, of even date with said deed of trust for the sum of one thousand dollars ($1,000), payable to the order of Nettie Wright on or before three years after the date thereof, with interest at ten per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually.

And, whereas, it is provided in and by said deed of trust that, in case of default in the payment of said note, or any part thereof, or the interest thereon, according to the tenor and effect of said note, then it shall and may be lawful for said party of the second part, his heirs, assigns or successor in trust, to sell and dispose of said premises, and all the right, title, benefit and equity of redemption of said party of the first part, his heirs or assigns therein, at public auction, at the front door of the court house in the county of El Paso, in the State of Colorado, for the highest and best price the same will bring in cash, thirty days public notice having been previously given of the time and place of such sale by advertisement in one of the newspapers at that time published in said El Paso county. And,

Whereas, it is *further* provided in said deed of trust, that in case of default in any of said payments of principal or interest, then and in that case the whole of said principal sum thereby secured, and the interest thereon to the time of sale, according to the tenor and effect of said indebtedness, shall and may become due and payable, anything in said note to the contrary notwithstanding, and the said premises be sold in the same manner and with the same effect as if said indebtedness had matured; and,

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of interest due and payable August 1st, 1893, and February 1st, 1894, on said note, and such default still continues, and said interest still remains due and unpaid; and,

Whereas, The legal holder of said note has elected to declare the whole thereof due and payable; and,

Whereas, Said property was sold for the taxes of 1892, and has not been redeemed from said sale, and the taxes for 1893 are now due and unpaid; and,

Whereas, Application has been made by said legal holder for the sale of said premises to pay said note, and the interest thereon:

Now, therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and by virtue of the authority in me vested by the terms of said deed of trust, notice is hereby given that I will, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of May, A. D. 1894, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the front door of the court house, in the County of El Paso and State of Colorado, sell the above described real estate, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand, for the purpose of paying said note, the interest thereon, and all taxes and expenses of executing this trust.

GEORGE M. DUMBLETON,
Trustee.

Treasurer of El Paso county, Successor in trust.

Colorado Springs, April 25, 1894.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Julia J. Blandy, deceased.

The undersigned, having been appointed administratrix of the estate of Julia J. Blandy, late of the County of El Paso, in the State of Colorado, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will appear before the County court of said county, at the court house in Colorado Springs, in said county at the May term, 1894, on the last Monday in May next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated at Colorado Springs, this 17th day of April, A. D. 1894.

JULIA W. BLANDY,
Administratrix.